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Poetry.

For the Blade.

"THEN COMETH THE END."

ALLAN BANE.

Of all God's creatures man is chief,
And yet his stay on earth is brief.
He fades as doth the autumn leaf.
What then?

In youth he rears a fabric fair;
His fondest hopes are centered there;
'Tis called a "castle in the air."
What then?

Alas, poor creature of an hour!
Behold him grasp for self and power,
Which war, disease or death devour.
What then?

A few are favorites, we see;
They rise to high felicity,
Clad in a brief authority.
What then?

Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
They reap the golden ears now and sow,
When all is over, hence they go.
What then?

Contrast them with the toiler's lot!
Behold him in his lowly cot
His worth ignored or quite forgot,
What then?

Shall you, poor man, then always wait,
Like Lazarus at the rich man's gate,
His life's toil given for the great?
What then?

A day draws nigh—a day of fate—
A Righteous Judge descends in state,
The rich, the poor, before him wait.
What then?

The proud oppressor dreads that day,
From pomp and pleasure torn away,
"Reft of his last, his only stay,"
What then?

Ah, then the books shall opened be,
Then man shall hear his destiny,
Time changes to eternity!
What then?

Pioneer, O.

THE DINGY SOD HOUSE.

JOEL BENTON.

I saw it far out on the prairie,
The house of necessity born;
No lines of its disgiuness vary,
So sombre, so dark, so forlorn.

It is bounded by measureless acres,
Not a fence nor a tree is in sight;
But, the plain as the dress of the Quaker,
It stands in the sun's broadest light.

The badger near by makes his burrow,
The gopher, his hillock of soil;
And ploughs with their mile-lengths of furrow,
Go round it with infinite toil.

A well curb, a wash bench, a woman,
With poultry and pigs are outside;
The clothes-line is wondrously human
In look, and the visits—how wide!

You can go to the sunrise or "sundown"
In straight lines, to left or to right,
And dozens of long-level acres run down
Before you escape from its sight.

Sometimes in an ocean of color
(In summer 'tis yellow or green)
It stands, In November a dingier
Broad carpet about it is seen.

In winter, while blasts from the prairie
Bring "blizzards" that cease not to blow,
'Tis as warm as the isle of Canary,
Deep under the tempest and snow.

Our Story Teller.

UP NORTH;

OR,

THE GUESTS OF CHISWICKDALE.

BY M. F. SWEETZER.

PART I.

Into Annesley village at the same hour came the sunset and the Rube Hart. The one streamed down from the passes of the Hampshire hills, as it had done (whenever the clouds permitted) for tens of centuries, over the savage wilderness, the Indian metropolis of many warns, the Puritan hamlet of log huts, the tranquil little New England village, half buried among immemorial elms. The other shambled wearily up the broad street, which he had never seen before, and into which he seemed to have been thrown by providence as a mournful type and example of ruthlessness, never against the simple orderliness and refinement that appeared in all the surroundings.

A little beyond the center of the village the great highroad from Springfield to the Ashuelot country broadened into an ellipse, just as the Ouse and Avon widen before they run into lakes; and off this there opened two or three receding bays or coves, one for the venerable Congregational church, and another for the battered little school house. It was evidently a condescension on the part of the turnpike to thus allow itself to be enticed from its straight course for village uses, but even state roads found it behooving them to be accommodating, since the railroads had come to so nearly supplant them. In Millbury, on the west, and along Ironvale, on the south, the whistle of the locomotive was a familiar sound; but Annesley rested secure on her broad meadows, half encircled by the river, whose arms, white in December, blue on summer noondays, rose-red at sunset, seemed to enclose the verdant and flowery plain in an embrace of love and fruitfulness. If Rube Hart had entered Millbury or Ironvale, ten to one a troop of the lads of those thriving towns would have greeted him upon him, and given him a bad half-hour; but here in dull little Annesley, in the 110th year of the serene life of the First Parish, no voice was raised to disturb him, no eye looked unkindly upon the strange wayfarer.

As he settled down for a brief rest a the foot of the great elm that shaded the town-pump, Rube presented a picture that would have fascinated a man like Millet. Tall and ungainly, with broad and ill-set shoulders, long and powerful limbs, huge hands and feet, he seemed the personification of undisciplined strength and undeveloped possibilities. His head was bent forward, as if with years of intent looking for some unseen, never coming, and in his deep-set eyes there was an expression of settled patience and pathetic endurance.

The little neighborhood senate that was holding its regular late afternoon meeting on the rude piazza in front of Comfort Whitcomb's groceries and West India goods store, slowly became cognizant of the stranger, an went into executive session over his case. "Wall, neaow, that's the first tramp I've seen in Annesley sence Bill Gaylord's barn was burnt," said young Si Andrews; and an old farmer from the lower meadows drawled out, "I guess we'd better look out sharp after that feller. Tramps is pooty dangerous this year, a-wanderin' up and down the earth like Mirmidon lions."

"I told ye 'twould be so," said Comfort Whitcomb, "if ye went to and elected that nat Cleveland to be President. Ye see it overthrew the confidence of the country, as it were, and brought them rebels up on top again, besides affectin' the rulin' price of sugar and codfish. Now as to that feller over there by the teaown-pump, I'll bet ye a quart o' peanuts he's looking for the remoderative industries that used to be open for every one in them halcyun days of Republican government, when every taxpayer sot onto his own fig tree."

A chorus of raillery interrupted Comfort's favorite speech, for the honest yeomen knew full well that his rancor against the 27th President of the United States dated from the day when the postoffice was transferred from his shop to that of his most ardent competitor in supplying Annesley with molasses and gingham and weekly story papers. After this digression the assembled farmers began another discussion of their ill-looking casual.

As the hush of twilight settled along the shady peaceful lanes of Annesley, the Rev. Peter Salmon emerged from his humble parsonage to take his customary evening walk and refresh his confused brain, which had all day long been twining over certain grave theological problems. Doubtless these deep questions had been settled a thousand times before by other students of the sacred mysteries, but each newcomer in the field found it necessary to reconsider them in the light of later theories and fresh discoveries in collateral sciences. It is thus that the inscrutable thought of godiness projects its vast shadow across the world, never quite penetrated, and never appearing the same to any two men or any two centuries.

And so, as the Rev. Peter Salmon walked slowly (we should have said strolled, had he been a secular person) down the roadside path, he found in the blessing of the October air a peace which banished the meppers of the Council of Chalcedon and the Synod of Dort, and the decrees of the last annual conference of Massachusetts.

By and by the minister reached the town pump and the great elm, at whose foot sat Rube Hart watching his leisurely approach with the dull curiosity of the lonely wayfarer. "Ha! here is a new face," thought the pastor. "From his habiliments I should think he must be one of those unfortunate men called tramps. Yet will I speak with him, and see if perchance I may not be of help in time of trouble." And pausing before Rube, he said:

"My friend, I perceive that you are a stranger in these parts, and it is borne in upon me that I may be of service to you in some way."

Rube looked incredulously at the speaker, shook out his long limbs, and rose to his feet and said:

"Stranger, that thar is a kind word, an' I done thank ye for't. But I hain't no call ter be sarved by no one, bein' on a long journey through this yer country, an askin' for no help whatsomever."

But he had hardly uttered the words when a rush of tears came into his unaccustomed eyes, and staggering slightly, he sank back into his former place among the roots of the elm.

"Nay, of a surety," cried the dominie, "now do I see that you are in need of sustenance, and I pray you to come to my domicile, which is hard by, and partake of my frugal store."

Rube feebly waved his hand before his face in deprecation, and said:

"If you or any other man had stopped off near yer cabin on the Rocky Ridge, bein' a-hungered and tuckered, I should have fotched out the best that I had in the pantry fer to cheer you with. But that's the way o' that land, and not the way o' this. An' you want to know, stranger, that Rube Hart (thet's my name) is the gret-grandson of a sergeant in Ginerul Braddock's army an' jest nachally kyant accept charrity from any one. But you meant it kin'ly—yes, I know you did—and if you wouldn't mind taking my little Jubal here, and givin' him a few bones, it would be a pleasure to me, seein' as he's followed me for nigh upon thirty mile to-day, without a bite to his mammy. Here, fyce, wake up."

A little yellow dog, on the bank behind, uncoiled himself from an uneasy slumber, shook out his rough hair that halt hid his gaunt ribs, and crept to the side of his master, looking up into his face with evident questioning and anxiety. But the minister spoke up, almost impatiently: "Reuben Hart, my name is Peter Salmon, and I am a preacher of the Gospel in this place. And I'll give unto the dog of the fulness of my table, as you suggest, but not less surely to you also. For I perceive that you are not of the number of those who wander up and down the country side, seeking food without labor, and living but to their own idle lusts. Wherefore, I pray you see and follow me."

The tall vagrant with difficulty gained his feet, and said: "Good sir, ye done promised to feed little Jubal, an' I'll go with ye, seein' 's Jube won't never leave me, even if he dies. But ye mustn't speak o' givin' me victuals, because no Hart ever yet took bread what he didn't yearn. An' ole Rube's the last of this line, and ain't gwine to cloud their record."

The village senate watched the meeting of the two men with interest, evinced by occasional remarks of "Well, I'm darned!" or "By George!" expressions whose, phonetic similarities to the expletives used in Ironvale gave them a vague charm to the rustic mind, while clearly within the pale of spiritual safety and immunity.

Comfort Whitcomb animadverted upon the unbusiness-like and ever good-natured ways of the ministers, making like too easy for the rapscallions of the Connecticut valley, and Silas Andrews professed his firm belief that the seventh pastor of the First Parish wouldn't have done such a thing, being a friend of the established order, and a champion of industry. The old farmer from the meadow lands expressed a hope that the tramp wouldn't set fire to Salmon's woodshed, but added that they might fairly expect some such end to the evening's episode.

When the minister and his charge reached the parsonage, old Hepzibah Bradstreet, the housekeeper, was just lighting the lamps in the broad, low-studded hall. Many and many a night that ancient dame had filled the little cottage. It was a weather-beaten relic of provincial days, whose dark gambrel roof had looked down on hostile Indians and Canadian chevaliers, in the well-nigh forgotten time of De Rouville's grim forays. The visitor sat down on the piazza, saying:

"Now give little Jube, dear little Jube, his supper, stranger, and let us go. Oh, ef yar knew how many thousands of miles that thar fyce had follered me, and never a complaint, and never any look but of love and sorrer, ye'd be right glad of helpin' him, that I know. But see that ye don't bring nothin' ter me, because I don't take what I hain't a good claim to."

The master of the house looked troubled. Here was a case for which he could find no precedent, and no rule of guidance. Suddenly an inspiration came to him, and he broke out earnestly:

"Good sir, during this long day's march, where your dog has nearly starved, what have you eaten?"

"That don't make no difference," said the guest; "but I caught a little fish outen the branch about a dozen miles back, an' roasted him in a fire by the roadside, and so I got enough. But the durned fyce wouldn't have nothin on it, and there wasn't no bread nor meat for him."

"Now, then," exclaimed the other, "your dog is dying for lack of food, and you are hardly better off—or rather, are worse off, being at once hungry and proud beyond wisdom. I will not feed the creature (and an ill-favored beast he is) until you have eaten, seeing that what you do to the vilest only against common sense, but contrary to a precious injunction of the Holy Scripture."

"Wall, then, stranger, we mout as well start along up North again," faltered Rube; "bein' as I can't nohow break from my purpose. Perhaps we can find a bird in the woods yander, or kill some wild critter 'fore we git to the next settlement, and so start on fresh an' fair again. I thank ye kindly, parson; and no gentleman of all London could have been more hospitable. Come, Jubal, ole boy, le's take the trail again."

But as he whistled to his comrade in adversity, the dog tried vainly to rise, and fell back upon the floor whimpering and moaning, in the invincible weakness of hunger and over-exhaustion. His half-glazed eyes were bent affectionately upon his tatterdemalion master, and his tongue lapped his lips deprecatingly, as who should say, "How gladly would I, if but strength remained, show it is impossible." The hardness fled out of Rube's face in an instant, and was replaced by an expression of profound pity and tenderness.

Throwing himself down beside the creature, he moaned out: "Oh, Jube, Jube, ye aint gwine to leave your ole marster, are ye? Ye wouldn't forsake de ole man way up here among de Yankees, an' a thousand miles from our dear Rocky Run? Don't ye remember the 'possums on Mallion Ridge, an' how you used ter tree 'em, while ole Rube followed clost with his rifle? Don't ye remember the muskrats under the bank by the branch, and how we hunted 'em out, you an' I, for why shar want any dog in all upper London that could best you, Juby, an' ye ain't gwine ter die in this God-forsaken country, be ye?"

Suddenly he rose to his feet and exclaimed: "Mister Salmon, I allow ye can feed de dog now; if so be, he can eat, for I will take your charity rather than see poor Jubal dyin' here for my pride."

The minister's eyes had filled with tears as he watched the scene between the two outcasts, but now they sparkled with keen pleasure. "I'll tell you, Hart," said he, "I don't want to drive you, by such extremity of distress, into the act which I should repulse in you. If you prefer to earn your entertainment, you may cut down a tree or two in my wood lot to-morrow or the next day, and so in due time fare forth refreshed on your way, being under obligation to no man. Here, Hepzibah, my handmaiden, bring in some broken victuals that you have that hungry men can consume."

Long did they sit at the simple feast; and thereafter, until the night was far spent, did the village shepherd converse with this wandering sheep, whose quaint ways and unaccustomed words charmed him with their wild exotic flavor, especially as their meanings were often as obscure to him as Yorkshire rural dialect would be to a gentleman of Devon. He gathered that Rube came from "Mosby's Confederacy," which the dominie thought must be in South America, not remembering such a principality on the United States map; and he remarked that he was going up North, which caused his auditor to think compassionately of the windy passes of the Green Mountains, and the traditional rigors of Lower Canada. Furthermore, it appeared that he was in anxious quest for some one, or some thing, that he reverenced as deeply and sought as bravely as ever Sir Percivale did the Sangreal. But what this object of desire might be he could not determine, and Reuben stoutly refused to give him clearer understanding, and the Reverend Peter then held discourse with his guest, in long and orotund Harvardesque sentences, whose sound was as pleasing and whose meaning as obscure to Reuben as his own words had been to the present speaker.

The next morning Hepzibah bustled into the library in a condition of highly repressed alarm, not unmixed with triumphat reproach, and exclaimed:

"Good land, Mr. Salmon, what do you think? That 'ere tramp, what you fetched home last night, has cleared out, dog and all, and I doubt if he hain't taken off half the things in the house."

"When did he go, Hepzibah?" quried the minister.

"The Lord only knows. But off he has gone, certain, and we're well rid of him, and I hope it'll be a lesson to you in future, bringing here the offscourings of the country for me to feed and wash up after."

It was a week later when Peter Salmon went up to the secluded ministerial woodlot, that his sweet confidence in humanity, somewhat clouded by the recent experience with the tramp, was rehabilitated and renewed. There he found a full cord of wood, cut down and carefully piled, representing several tall trees that had been laboriously felled; and, upon one of them was the parsonage axe that had been missing since Jubal and his master departed, giving occasion for many inuendoes from Hepzibah and sundry involuntary but self-reproved suspicions in the mind of the minister. Tied to its helve was a packet addressed to Peter Salmon, and containing this missive, rudely written on a sheet of wrapping paper:

Kind sir—I thank you for bein' so good to Jubal and to his master. An' I done cut your wood, as i said i should. An' now i'me going' along up North. Yours truly,

RUBEN HART.

PART II.

The incident soon passed from the pastor's mind, occupied as it was by the myriad little cares of his parish, the comforting of the sick, the consolation of the bereaved, the admonition of the wayward. Morning brought its largest of beauty to Annesley plain; noonday looked happily dhwn upon its drowsy old roofs; and the sunset crowned often the day with its richness; but Rube Hart and his dog came no more. Nevertheless, the minister could not pass the elm by the town pump without in fancy seeing his strange guest reclining there, haggard and weary, with Jubal sleeping warily at his side.

Late in December a bulky package came to his parsonage. It was written in a delicate clerkly hand, on pale blue paper, recalling in its form and appearance the dignified and stately correspondence of a century ago. It ran thus:

CHISWICKDALE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, }
December 26, 1885. }

To the Reverend Peter Salmon, of Annesley, in Massachusetts.

Greetin: be with you, and peace, from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ.

It hath not been vouchsafed unto me to know you, in the manner that men rate as friendship. Yet do I feel that in some way, whose working I cannot understand (much less explain), I am most assuredly your friend, as also I have been your fellow-worker and brother in endeavor, and of the manner thereof, and the way in which it came about, as also of the events which did precede and follow, I now find myself moved to write unto you briefly.

The subject of my disquisition is one Reuben Hart, a person humble in this world's ranking and order, who entered the bounds of my parish now nigh unto ago. His appearance was like unto that of the men whom the people at large characterized by an opprobrious term, being ill provided as to raiment, and lacking in the comfortable appurtenances of a good estate. His speech also bewrayed him as an alien to our England; wherefore at first supposed him to have been one of those unhappy Europeans, whom their manifold misfortunes of life have caused to be flung forth upon our American shores.

Now, the matter of my meeting with Reuben Hart was this: My son Theophrastus, who had a man of business in London (having declined to follow the ancient customs of the first-born of our family to enter the goodly office of the ministry,) had been briefly sojourning at the parsonage, in the reasonable hope to thereby recuperate his wasted energies. It chanced, therefore, that on the last day of his abiding with me, he entreated that I should accompany him to the summit of a neighboring mountain, wherefrom (as he opined) he could the better see the fair landscape of Chiswickdale, and the many green islands of Lake Winnepesaukee. I debated gravely with him as to this journey, the latter of which seemed to me impossible heights being irksome to me; but he prevailed, and with much pains we gained the summit where he would be. And truly the prospect from that commanding elevation was at once broad, pleasing and profitable, inasmuch as I could see at one glance the weathercock spire of our little white church, the homes of the chief brethren of the parish, the far-away huts of Matthew Steerling and Zerubbabel Smith, in the ravine towards Bald Mountain, and gray barn by Nabby Cleve's house on the much-ascending ridge beyond. But it was in vain that I directed my son's attention towards the most interesting points in Chiswickdale, and bade him consider the blessings which my parishioners enjoyed, each in his own manner, as meted unto him. Theophrastus indeed was chiefly engaged in the observation of points more distant, like the great mountain Kearsarge, and the prodigious peaks that enwail the vale of Tamworth.

While I inveighed against his preference for the grandiose over the dearer objects of human interest, he suddenly cried out with a loud voice: "Look, father, what is that on yonder peak? Do your parishioners take delight in climbing the highest of these green Alps, like new-world Wordsworths or Tyndalls?"

Not pausing to reprehend this pleasantry against my simple dalesmen, I looked steadfastly in the direction indicated, and to my amazement saw there, on the extremest point of Rock Crown mountain, an appearance as of a man, with the fluttering of garments blown in the clear north wind. "Out a truth," I exclaimed, "no dalesman ever climbed that vast peak, where there are neither cattle nor crops nor deer to be sought, nor can it be one of the city people, who, during the season of summer rest, do such strange things in and about our little valley."

It were long to tell you of our deliberations upon this point, or how we descended into the ravine and went up the slope over against us, and so (after grievous buffetings and many wounds) reached that strangely-inhabited peak. And there we found a man stretched out upon the topmost ledge and near him a small animal of the canine species, much gifted in respect to barking. Perceiving that the man was not one of our dale people, I said, "Good even, sir. Are you of Sandwich, or Ossipee, or Tamworth? Or come you from beyond the mountains?"

Whereupon, partly raising himself upon his elbow, (for he was of great stature,) he said, in accents manifesting much feebleness of body: "Stranger, I don't know ought of them places that you speak of. I came from where Rocky Run breaks through Shadow Mounting, in the land where the nightingale sings, an' the sky is blue an' tender, an'—"

Thus speaking, or attempting to speak, he strove likewise to rise, but having attained the measure of his strength, he fell backward, heavily, upon the ledge. And I found, skillfully concealed, and sewed into his waistcoat lining, a document which purported to be the honorable discharge of Sergeant Reuben Hart of the Fifth Virginia Light Battery from the military service of the Confederate States. Therein the place of his residence was given as Rock-Run Gap, Virginia, and to the postmaster at that place was the inquiture. Whereunto also the name Rube had to question as to the purport of their coming. Whereupon, to my unmeasured astonishment, Dorinda hastily left the room, followed by Reuben, and he by Jubal, neither of them venturing upon a word. Much did I excogitate on this strange proceeding, nor yet could right understand it as to its meaning. But the ensuing morning ere I had fairly began on the seventeenth head of my next Sabbath's sermon, they entered again, one, two, three, and Reuben repeated, 'with the dull ring of the memoriter, the following words: "Parson, D'rindy 'n me 's concluded ter git married d'reckly, an we wants you ter make us man and wife, bein' 's there's no Methody minister in this yer valley, an' yer've been powerful good to both on us." Seeing that they were both of lawful age and possessed of all their faculties, I deemed it not fitting to decline their commands, and with Deacon Bates and my daughter Sophia as witnesses, I straightway performed the sacred ceremony, and in the names of the Lord and the State pronounced them one flesh, and I opine that Chiswickdale never saw a happier bridegroom nor a lovelier bride.

About a month ago I received a box from the express office, containing in one part a sealed vessel full of unseemly-looking vegetables, apparently far advanced toward decomposition; and in the other the body of a small animal, of a singular and mirth-provoking appearance. And in the day's mail came a letter, which I will transcribe *verbatim et literatim:*

ROCKY RUN, Va., Dec. 20

DEAR PARSON:—Dorindy an' me has got well settled on the old farm by the run, and are as happy as the saints in glory; and we thank you very much, and always will thank you, as one of God's elect.

With this we send you a box, and with it some persimmons from our woods. They don't look right good, but it's always that way with these yer fruits. Jest you try 'em, and if you don't like 'em you've no call ter eat 'em.

And the other thing in the box is a possum, that our little Jubal treed this morning, and bein' as I was working off out of hall in the back-lot corn-field, Dorindy up and got the gun and shot him; and if ye've ary a nigger anywhere in that pretty valley among the Yankee mornings, he'll cook him for you, but if not, jest roast him like a little pig. There ain't no such meat in the world as our Virginia possum.

And ye will hear from us again, come springtime.

Yours most obligedly,

RUBIN AND POMONA HART.

I have thus set down these things in order, dear brother Salmon, partly in compliance with Reuben's request that I should inform you, and partly because I know that you will be rejoiced to know that the Ishmaelite who once rested without your tents has become at last a true Israelite, dwelling at peace in his own much-desiderated Canaan. Wherefore I conceive that we should return thanks that we were made instruments in so happy a restoration.

Now may grace abide with you, and peace, and the love of God, forever.

From your brother,

MALCOLM UNDERHILL,
Pastor of the Congregational Church in Chiswickdale.

—*Boston Traveller.*

Baby's Nomenclature.

Little Helen E——, aged 5 years, while visiting a farm, was asked to pick up a large egg-plant from which the young farmer had mischievously removed the stem. She tried several times, but her chubby hands continually slipped off the smooth surface. At last she straightened up, with a sigh, and said, "I can't lift it, 'cause the how-you-pick-it-up is gone."—*Youth's Companion.*

Humor.

Dr. Shrady and the Newsboy.

Concerning mistaken identity, Dr. Geo. F. Shrady relates the following incident, which occurred to him some years ago. The doctor has a pleasant country house on the Hudson, some seven or eight miles north of Kingston, known as "Pine Ridge." He formerly spent his summers there, and being fond of driving, he owned a team of fleet-footed sorrels. With these he would spin over the hard country roads at a lively gait almost daily, usually driving himself. While thus driving on Albany avenue, in Kingston, on his way home one afternoon, being alone in the buggy at the time, he was hailed by a newsboy, who, mistaking him for a coachman, shouted:

"Say, John, can't you give a fellow a lift?"

"How far are you going?" asked the doctor.

"Only out to General Smith's," replied the boy.

The urchin sprang to the seat beside the driver and the conversation ran as follows:

"Whose rig is this?"

"Dr. Shrady's."

"Oh, yes, he's the feller from New York. He lives in Flatbush, by the river. I beerd of him. Do you work for him?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the surgeon.

"What does he give you?"

"My board and clothes."

"Gosh, is that all? Well, he gives you pretty good clothes, though," said the boy, hastily inspecting the driver's make up. "But you could get more'n that. Major Cornell's coachman gets $30 a month and found. Think of that!"

"But the Major is a rich man and can afford it," said the driver.

"How long have you been with the doctor?"

"Ever since I was a boy."

"Never worked for anybody else?"

"No."

"What do you do for him?" continued the interviewer.

"Oh, everything he asks me to do. I wash and dress him, black his shoes, sometimes clean his horses, harness them—in fact I am his man of all work."

"Is he so old, then?"

"No, he's about my age."

"Then he must be a lazy cuss, anyhow," "After a brief pause came this poser from the boy:

"Do you like the doctor?"

"Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. Occasionally I get so disgusted with him that I feel like running away."

"Why don't you?"

"Oh, it's no use; I can not. I have to be satisfied."

"Well," indignantly ejaculated the boy, "I think you're a darned fool."

"But here is General Smith," said the doctor.

"All right. Bye, bye, John," sang out the boy, as he alighted upon the road.—*New York Tribune.*

The Reasonin' Powers.

A couple of old darkeys met the other day, and began talking over matters and things.

"How is ole Colonel Jones comin' on, what used to own you before the war? He is so old he must be gettin' childish and losin' his reasonin' powers."

"Don't know 'nuffin' about him—haint seed him since befoah last Christmas."

"Why, what's de matter?"

"Aint got no use for sich ole gemmans. Last time I was dar I fotched him a big fish I had cotched. I tole him if he would gimme a table knife I would scrape an' clean de fish for him. What do you s'pose he said?"

"Asked yer to come in and get a dram, and chat awhile about ole times on de ole plantation."

"No, sah; he told me ef I couldn't borrow a table knife from some ob de nabors dat he would rather clean de fish his-self."

"I s'pose he was afeard I'd be keerless in handin' de knife back when I got done wid it."

The other darkey rubbed his chin and remarked:

"I see by dat ar dat de ole man's still got de use of his reasonin' powers."

The Question of Many Stripes.

"May I ask what those stripes on your sleeves signify?" asked a Galena man of a cavalry officer at the Union depot yesterday afternoon.

"Certainly," was the reply.

The countryman stood on one leg for a moment, a scowl broke out on his yellow face, and then he said:

"Might I ask what those stripes on your arms tiperfy?"

"And didn't I say certainly?" inquired the officer.

The man from Galena shifted his quid of tobacco, expectorated heavily upon the tiling and then taking the trooper by the collar exclaimed:

"Goll dorn it, fellow can't you answer a question? Now, may I ask you again what those stripes on your arms mean?"

"Certainly," replied the officer. "Why don't you?"

The countryman pushed his hat on the back of his head and walked away, grinding his teeth at every step.—*Chicago Herald.*

Pranks that Nocturnal Fairies Play.

The following discoveries were made by a meek man who got up the other night to look for a match:

The doors are nine feet in width.

The sofa stands out from the wall five feet.

Chair rockers are eight feet three inches long.

The chandelier reaches to within two feet of the floor.

The wall advances to meet you in the center of the room.

The table has 27 legs, which are placed at an angle of 45 degrees.

And the bureau, where you left the matches on going to bed, has disappeared entirely.

The Church Most Needed.

Scene—A seaside suburban resort. Dramatis Personæ—The Orthodox clergyman of "the Centre," who has a flourishing society at the seaside; Unitarian clergyman of "the Centre," who is trying to found a society which he hopes will flourish.

Orthodox Clergyman—They tell me, Mr. Smith, that you Unitarians are going to have a church at Seafoam.

Unitarian Brother—Yes, we have really made a good beginning, and by another season we shall have a handsome church edifice.

Orthodox Clergyman—Then there will be two churches at Seafoam, one for the Lord and one for the people.

Unitarian Brother—Well, I suppose the people need it most.

Quick curtain.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Better Occupation.

Boy—Father, how long have you been teaching school?

Father—Iout 25 years, my son.

Boy—Ar—ar—teachers alway poor, father? Will we always be poor?

Father—You will have nothing when I gone except my $2,000 life-insurance.

Boy—Are you going to make a school-teacher out of me, father?

Father (bitterly)—No, my boy, I expect to do better for you than that. I shall have you educated as a baseball pitcher.

Queer Things Which Americans Carry.

Mexican child—"Those Americans worship idols. I saw some in that lady's trunk."

Second Mexican child—"Just like the heathens?"

"Most. These were little pigs and dogs and elephants and such things."

"How do yoo know they were idols?"

"They have letters on just like church altars. You know altars have I. H. S. on them."

"Yes."

"Well these have four letters, S. O. A. P."

Why She Walked so Rapidly.

"The Empress of Austra walked 25 miles the other day without resting." It is suspected that she had been informed that her husband had been seen flirting with a chorus girl in the adjoining city, and being in a hurry to get there, she concluded to walk instead of taking a train.—*Norristown Herald.*

Hardly Equivocal.

Pupson has been interviewing the Governor on financial matters.

Pupson, Sr.—Ah, Charles, Charles! It is too bad. Your wild course will drive me to a untimely grave.

Pupson, Jr.—(fervently)—No, father, no. That is impossible.

Do You "Catch On?"

A rural journal says: "Plant cabbages well apart." It will be sad news to our German citizens to learn that cabbages should never be krauted.

MR. DOLLINGER HAS FUN.

A Playful Dog Whose Countenance Belied His Character.

Mr. Dollinger, who lives on Twelfth street, is one of the kindest-hearted men Sioux Falls. Nothing touches him so quickly as the sufferings of a poor dumb beast.

A few days ago a couple of men who were traveling overland in a "prairie schooner," anchored their craft on some vacant lots back of Mr. Dollinger's barn. They had come from Missouri and were going up into the Mouse River country and stopped in the city for rest and relaxation. They picketed out their mules, and every day went down town where rest and relaxation retails at 15 cents a glass, two for a quarter.

Every time they went away they left a large, lean, meek and sorrowful-looking dog chained under the wagon. He was not one of those savage appearing dogs, with his forelegs far apart and nose in the air, but seemed mild and gentle and accustomed to better things. He had a tender gray eye, a weak and undecided lower jaw and a narrow chest that gave him the appearance of having the consumption. He had a procession of ribs on either side like a picket fence; he never barked or growled, and sometimes he would cough with a hollow, consumptive sound and hold a forepaw up in front of his mouth in a way which convinced Mr. Dollinger that he had been used to good society.

"I believe those fellows stole that dog somewhere," said Mr. Dollinger to Mrs. Dollinger. "He is some good old family dog that they have enticed away from home and are dragging around the country with them."

"That's just what I think," she replied. "I noticed the poor thing to-day under the wagon all alone. What a slender nose and high forehead it has."

"Yes, and such a kind eye. There is a great difference in dogs, but it all shows in their eyes. Anybody could see that this dog wouldn't harm a child just by his eye I have thrown him some feed several times lately."

"But don't you think the poor thing ought to be untied so it can run around and get some exercise and play with the other dogs a little?"

"I never thought of that—I believe I'll go right out and let it loose and see it express its gratitude by playing around me."

So Mr. Dollinger went out to the wagon. The dog wagged his tail feebly and the tip of his left eye kept drooping down as if he had lost control over it.

"Poor doggie!" said Mr. Dollinger, as he slipped down and unsnapped the chain from his collar, "poor doggie, I'll let you loose."

The dog turned part way round when he found he was at liberty, but did not seem inclined to leave the wagon.

"Poor thing, you've been tied so long that you don't know how to play," said Mr. Dollinger. Then he noticed the end of the chain was on the ground and picked it up with the intention of hanging it on a spoke of the wheel so it wouldn't get rusty. When he first started to raise up again he thought a Florida alligator had crawled up without being seen and taken hold of the calf of his leg. He was confident that he could hear the bones cracking. Then he thought of the dog. He managed to look around with one eye and saw that it was the dog.

"The poor thing is trying to play with you," called Mrs. Dollinger from the back fence.

"Don't I know it!" replied Mr. Dollinger as he felt the blood begin to run into his shoe. He worked himself slowly around, and the dog's forelegs remained planted firmly but his head swung with Mr. Dollinger's leg, and his body raised up a little and swung around in the opposite direction with little jerks.

"Nice doggie! Nice doggie!" and he reached down his hand. "That's a nice doggie—let go, and we'll run and have some fun."

This idea seemed to please the dog, and he let go and they ran. Mr. Dollinger started for the fence, and the dog headed him off with two bounds and chased him back past the wagon, all the time barking with a voice which sounded as if it came out of a cave that ran back under the ground to the Nebraska state line.

"Great thunder!" yelled Mr. Dollinger, and dodged as the dog leaped up and tried to get him by the throat.

"Don't go near the wagon—he thinks you're trying to steal something!" screamed Mrs. Dollinger, as she climbed up on the fence.

Mr. Dollinger wasn't going near it—the dog headed him off again. Then Mr. Dollinger tore around in a circle and the dog leaped at him from all sides at once.

He bit him in twenty different places. Part of the time he was up on his back gnawing at the back of his neck and trying to climb up further by scratching with his hind feet and so get over at his throat.

And every time Mr. Dollinger went near one of the mules it kicked at him. And both of them kept braying and that dog never for a single instant stopped that hollow, consumptive bark of his.

Once he fell down and the dog tore along over him and then came back at him as he got up and started the other way.

And Mrs. Dollinger stood on the fence and screamed for help. The neighbors came out around there back doors and smiled, and a man on a load of hay with a pitchfork in each hand stood and yelled: "Fight him! Why in thunder don't you turn around and fight him?"

"Look him in the eye! Look him steadily in the eye!" yelled a man who had beaten Mr. Dollinger in a lawsuit the day before.

And all the time the dog was right up next to Mr. Dollinger biting pieces out of his person and trying to bark louder than the mules were braying or Mrs. Dollinger was screaming.

Then the dog got hold of his coat-tail and Mr. Dollinger started across the lots for his fence again with the dog streaming out behind, three feet from the ground and barking out of both corners of his mouth. Just as he passed the wagon two tall, raw-boned Missourians came up on the trot.

"I'll be doggoned, Bill, ef the durned sneak hain't been tryin' ter steal something! Sic him, Tige!"

"I'd bet he has! Count the things an' see if the cussed hoss thief got anything while I pepper him!" and he jerked a double-barrelled shot-gun out of the front end of the wagon. "There, take that! and that! you ornery pup!" and he blazed away first with one barrel and then with the other, but not till Mr. and Mrs. Dollinger had disappeared around their corner of the barn.

"When I go out to play with another blamed cur to make it home-like for him, you'll know it—where are them other clothes of mine?" said Mr. Dollinger when he got into the house.—*Dakota Bell.*

A Gentleman.

Some amusing stories are told of the wit and wisdom of London school children. A class of boys in a Board school were being examined orally in Scripture. The history of Moses had for some time been a special study, and one of the examiners asked: "What would you say of the general character of Moses?"

"He was meek," said one boy.

"Brave," said another.

"Learned," added a third boy.

"Please, sir," piped a pale-faced, neatly-dressed lad, "he was a gentleman."

"A gentleman?" asked the examiner. "How do you make that out?"

The boy promptly replied, in the same thin, nervous voice, "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away; and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds: 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"

Breaking the Walking Record.

Philanthropist—I am nearly dead. I believed I have tramped twenty miles to-day and have had to almost run in order to get through my labors before night.

Citizen—I am nearly dead, too, and I feel as if I'd walked forty miles; utterly fagged out. By the way, what have you been doing?

"I am president of the Society for the Relief of Unemployed but Able-bodied Women. What have you been doing?"

"I have been trying to hire a servant girl."—*Omaha World.*

Where He Got His Shirt.

Anarchist—What's that on you? A clean shirt! Good heavens, I thought you were one of us.

Visitor—So I am. But I took this shirt from a workingman's clothes line.

Well, you scared me for a minute. Please pass the bomb till I shorten the fuse.

Before and After Marriage.

Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most often is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"

Miscellany.

FAT GENERAL SHERIDAN.

A Man of Nerve and Great Weight.

Lieut. Gen. Phil. Sheridan, our highest military officer, is growing very stout. During the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Washington a few days since he was around with the boys two or three days, reviving war experiences and having a good time, and his corporosity was more visible than ever before and was often remarked.

"Little Phil" is just below the maximum height for the army, and were he applying for admission to it would be turned out. He is shorter than 5 feet 6, and weighs about 215 pounds. He fairly rolls when he walks, but he is nimble, and could go into the field and do as active service as any man in the army, and would doubtless withstand more hardships than the great bulk of young men. The general is not old. He is in the early fifties, and is as lively as a youth.

He is very fat in the face, his eyes being surrounded by great rolls of flesh. On a hot day he looks something like a boiled lobster in color about the face, and on a very cold day is a perfect parpal. But he is the very essence of good humor, and no one can come in contact with him without admiring him. He is slow in speech and careful of what he says, but when he says or does a thing it is said or done; there is no crawling out of it. He has the nerve and disposition to stand by his words and acts.

It has been said that Gen. Sheridan cannot make a speech. True, he is not given to talk, but he can talk, and well, too. What he says and does shows the character of the late Gen. Grant. His ideas were very like those of the late chieftain. Gen. Sheridan, like Gen. Grant, has the highest appreciation of personal honor. His word is as good as his bond. Should he be made President—and the speculators are electing him—his distribution of the spoils would undoubtedly be after the style of Grant. Both men were always characterized by their love for personal friends, and, it is said, however, that Gen. Sheridan has more of a nose for politics than had Gen. Grant. Yet no one seems to know whether he is Democrat or Republican. No man has ever occupied the position of general of the army who had more enthusiastic friends than Sheridan has. And the manner in which he "did up" Gen. Early, chief of the Confederate of Virginia, who jumped on him for his raid of the Shenandoah valley, has manifolded his followers in even the Old Dominion, where stur

Recent Literature.

"The Golden Justice," is a story which was published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* where it found many interested readers. The author is William Henry Bishop, and he has taken the commission of a crime by a man who has hitherto lived an honorable life, as a starting point, and followed him for years carrying his guilty secret, though before the world he is a beacon light in morality. His daughter is the heroine of the story, and for her sake he puts off the confession that something seems constantly impelling him to make. To quiet his conscience, he writes it out upon paper and puts it in a figure called "The Golden Justice," which he caused to be placed upon the dome of the City Hall, leaving it to time to determine when, if ever, it should be made public. The working out of the retribution is graphically detailed, and yet the whole is brought to a happy ending. The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

From the same publishing house comes "The Fend of Oakfield Creek," by Josiah Royce. It is a novel of California life in which a difficulty over some land arises between two men who had once been the warmest friends. This forms the foundation of the plot. It is written with a good deal of force, and though from beginning to end there is little that is light and bright, the story is intense and thrilling. The heroine Margaret is a woman, who, an enigma at first, grows upon one as the plot is unfolded. The trouble described is a historical truth belonging to the earlier history of the Pacific coast.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, send in their series of "American Commonwealths," the two volumes treating of New York and of Connecticut, the first the work of Ellis H. Roberts and the last by Alexander Johnston. These books are designed to be compact and yet full histories of the states of the Union and will be a valuable addition to any library. The two now before us are carefully written, and make most interesting reading. Such a series cannot fail to be received with a warm welcome, especially if all which follow are as good as those already before the public. The editor is Horace E. Scudder.

"Unanswerable Logic" consists of a series of spiritual discourses given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster and published by Colby & Rich, Boston. The first one defines "Spiritualism" as it is regarded in its highest sense. Some of the chapters which follow are "The Spiritual Body;" "Philosophy of Death;" "What Lies Beyond the Veil" "The Final Resurrection;" "Future Rewards and Punishments," "Human Destiny," and many others of similar character. The book is a serious and thoughtful exposition of the views of the class of thinkers denominated Spiritualists, and should interest even those who have not accepted this peculiar phase of religious belief.

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, comes in paper covers "Renee," by Emile Zola, translated from the French by John Sterling. It is a study of the life led by a certain class of speculators and pleasure-seekers, who made the gay capital of France their home and field of operations during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon the Third. Its world is the world of fashion and fashionable dissipation. The heroine is Renee. The style of this author and the character of his stories are too well known to need more than a passing notice to obtain readers. The work has been well translated.

In Lovell's *Household Library* is published the "Speeches of Henry Ward Beecher on the American Rebellion," which were delivered in Great Britain in 1863. It is needless to explain to those who lived during the war what those speeches did to win friends for the Union cause. They are full of unanswerable logic, and burning eloquence and, even at this day, after the passions engendered by the strife have largely passed away, they thrill the reader with their power. They are published in cheap form by Frank E. Lovell & Co., New York. Price 50 cents.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes No. 3 of the second volume of the "Papers of the American Historical Association." This is a history of the life and works of William Usselinx, the founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India companies, written by Franklin Jameson, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University.

"The Old House at Sandwich" is a novel by Joseph Hatton, and published in pamphlet form by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The story is an interesting one with which to pass away a leisure hour. Price 25 cents.

Literary Notes.

Count de Lesseps's "Memoirs" are to be published in German by a prominent Berlin firm.

In Great Britain last year 47 books on Ireland were published, and 81 on the subject of Shakespeare and his life.

The Queen of Italy has found that the London publishers are not only willing but anxious to pay for her story in manuscript.

Mr. Rider Haggard has sent a strong letter to the London *Times*, stating the case as between himself and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Ristori, who is now staying in Rome, is occupying her leisure by writing her "Memoirs," dating from her first appearance on the stage.

A St. Louis bookseller says that that city is a great theosophic center. He sells a great many of the most expensive books on theosophy published.

A parody on Rider Haggard's novel, "King Solomon's Mines," has been published in London and is entitled "King Solomon's Wives, or the Phantom Mines."

A Christmas letter, written in 1849, will be among the "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray," in the June *Scribner's*. Another of the letters describes a visit which Thackeray made to the green-room of a Parisian theater.

The summer plans of between fifty and a hundred American writers will be revealed in the *Critic* of May 28. The list includes nearly all the best known names in contemporary American literature, and has been for some time in preparation.

Mrs. Jesse Benton Fremont will, it is said, spend the summer in the West for the purpose of writing an accurate life of Kit Carson, the famous scout, pathfinder and explorer, who piloted Gen. Fremont across the Rocky Mountains on his first expedition.

A book which, if its sales are proportionate to its usefulness, should reach its hundred thousand, is "The Housekeeper's Handy Book," which Messrs. Cassell & Co. have nearly ready for publication. This book is a "handy book," as it implies, and it has been alphabetically arranged so that it is really its own index.

A new edition of a work of great value and rare interest, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, with the title, "Life and Times of Jesus, as Related by Thomas Didymus," is nearly ready for publication by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book was first published by Mr. Clarke in 1881, and at once commanded wide attention.

"The Obelisk and its Voices" is the title of a little book, styled by Mr. Winthrop as both memorable and memorial, giving a description of impressions made upon the mind of the author, Gen. Henry B. Carrington, U. S. A., during an ascent of the Washington Monument, February 22, this year. The book will at once appear under the auspices of Lee & Shepard.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written the opening article for the "Beecher Memorial," now being prepared for Mrs. Beecher and her family by Mr. Edward W. Bok, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to which Mr. Gladstone, President Cleveland, the Duke of Argyle and some 75 other distinguished Americans and foreigners have also contributed articles. Only 100 copies of the "Memorial" are intended for the public.

F. H. Underwood, the author of "The Handbook of English Literature," and other notable books issued by Lee & Shepard, has recently had the honor of receiving the title of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Glasgow, Scotland. Mr. Underwood is our U. S. consul at Glasgow, and has gained a large circle of friends during his short residence there, having delivered, the past winter, a course of lectures before the university.

It Wasn't an Earthquake.

"Oh, mamma! what is that dreadful noise on the piazza?"

"Nothing, my child. Your father will persist in trying to get into the hammock when he wants to smoke, and you know how clumsy he is."

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm," so is many a youth cut down by the gnawing worm *consumption*. But it can be made to release its hold and stop its gnawing. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will if taken in time, effect permanent cures, not only in consumption, but in all cases of chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases.

DANCING THE HULA HULA.

The Forbidden Pleasure of the Sandwich Islanders.

I was invited by a native chief, whose acquaintance I had formed, to go with him to witness a real hula hula, a genuine dance of the good old time. I eagerly accepted his kindness, and at 9 o'clock one beautiful evening we started for the rendezvous, a native house, grass thatched, and with walls of slender cane-work. Arriving there, we entered a large room, on the floor of which a number of native spectators lay stretched on soft mats. Room was made for us, and we had hardly taken our seats before a curtain, which was stretched at the far end of the room was drawn and the entertainment commenced. First, the musicians entered and sat down on one end of the stage, which was simply a large thick mat, on three sides of which reclined the spectators. The music consisted of six drums, three large and three small. The large ones were enormous calabashes, the heads of which were covered with tightly drawn skins; the small ones were cocoanut shells covered in the same manner.

The leader, a sprightly dame of 70 summers, was a very important personage, as it was her business to direct the performance by the expression of her face and the action of her hands. Suddenly a strange chant was raised, accompanied by a beating of the drums in perfect time.

This gradually died away, and two more musicians appeared holding long sticks, from which they elicited clear notes by striking them with shorter ones. These took their places behind the rest of the orchestra, and

After them, all dancing in a row,
The comely virgins came with garlands bright
All fashioned to the time.

Ten girls, fantastically dressed, with scarfs bound round their waists and crowned with garlands of flowers and with wreaths of gardenias around their wrists and ankles, made their way, with slow and graceful movements, to the edge of the stage, on which they sank just as the music ceased. Some of these girls were beautiful and finely molded limbs and figures of extreme grace. At a tap of the drum they raised themselves to their knees and commenced a wild song, to which they at first beat time with a clapping of their hands. Gradually this changed into the most expressive pantomime. The sticks and drums took up the measure, arms, hands and even figure spoke in a torrent of words with a precision that the best-drilled ballet troupe could never attain. The body swayed back and forward, the slightest motion to the right or left by one being repeated by all. Something snake-like and repulsive, anon seductive and pleasing, until finally a wild tossing of the arms followed by a low wail, proclaimed the end of the story, to the evident discomfiture of the maiden and the triumph of the lover. During the interval required for rest, a very intricate performance was gone through by four men and four women, who sat opposite and close to one another. Each held a bamboo about two feet long and split at the end into strips. When struck together they made a most peculiar sound, which formed the accompaniment to the song.

A distinct rhythm was kept up all the time by the bamboos, and as their sound began to get somewhat monotonous, loud cries were raised for the "hula." The dancers now formed a circle. Each held a small calabash ornamented with feathers and with seeds inside, so that it could be used as a sunbourine or rattle. Slowly the ring begins to circle round, hands and feet keeping time in a majestic, formal fashion. Soon they quickened their steps, and the sharp rattle keeps by a running fire, with now and then a deep boom from the big drum. The circle widens, and just as with wild grace the dancers reach the inner row of spectators the music ceases and they throw themselves down on the ground, leaving two of their number standing in the center. After a pause the music and singing begin again, and as they become more passionate so does the dancing of the pair become more intoxicating and abandoned. Others join them, each pair working out the old story of coquetry, jealousy and the final surrender of the maiden according to their own fashion and ideas. Soft, swaying movements, and a gentle turning away, timid glances and startled gestures gradually give place to more rapturous passions. The excitement of the dance inspires them to fresh and more rapid evolutions until exhausted nature can stand no more and they drop fainting on their cushions.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

GIRLS' SILVER GIRDLES

Can be Used as Slungshots if Necessary.

The new girdle is just such an arrangement as Dr. Grecian made for Cleopatra (B. C.) to keep their Mother Hubbards from soaring over their heads and leaving them in the highly ridiculous and embarrassing position of a reversed umbrella, it is made of silver links or plated, and is worn over everything, for the simple reason that it would be a very uncomfortable thing to wear inside, and would necessarily interfere with the fit of a dress. Again, more people see it on the outside, and that's what it's worn for. As an article of clothing, the girdle is not a practical success. It affords very little protection in a rain storm or a blizzard.

Naturally, it is worn around the waist, because it's too big for the neck, and a girl couldn't grab her skirts with one hand and her back hair with the other if she wore it around her arms. A smelling bottle, a box of caramels, a powder puff, or, in fact, almost anything can be hitched to the front end of the girdle as an excuse for wearing it. It is a convenient place to carry surplus hairpins.

Within the last week or two Fifth avenue and Madison avenue girls have bloomed out with girdles.

They are an expensive shackle.

But with all their drawbacks they have many advantages. Who a girl is drowning a girdle is much more sure thing to lift her out with than the hair. That is liable to come off. In walking through a crowd the escort could take a hitch of the chain around his wrist and be dead sure of his prey. Then they are convenient things to attach dogs to and in case of self-defense can be used as slung-shots. When traveling and living in strange hotels a girl will find the girdle an infinite source of protection by using it to attach the door-knob to the bed-post.—*New York Herald.*

Always in Luck.

The *Graphic* illustrates the way in which some persons seem always to secure the best of everything:

Then there are the smart people—usually a husband and wife working together succeed the best—who always get the best of everything, no one quite sees how or why. It seems to be largely pure and simple luck. There is a pair—they are playing with Cora Tanner now—who through one whole season mystified an entire company with their talent for getting the soft side. They always had the center of the sleeping cars, the best rooms in the hotels, the dressing-rooms convenient to the stage, and the best waiters at the restaurants; the very sun in the sky seemed to put itself out for them—so as to come into their rooms and come out of their side of the cars; they always won at keno, and when any one's trunk got caught in the rain it was not theirs. Naturally they were hated. One day, as the whole large party hurried into the cars, by some mysterious dispensation the —— were crowded out of the shady side and obliged to sit down where they had to take the sun or lose the view. There was general and almost public rejoicing. The train started, pulled out of the station and turned around! Then there was weeping and gnashing of teeth, and it was concluded that the ——'s had the mascot of mascots, and there was no use struggling against them.

A Dinner Pail Argument.

The *American Grocer* has read its readers a lesson from the dinner pails of workingmen. Its editor noted the contents of the pails of a force of laborers near Trinity church-yard, New York, and wrote as follows of what he saw:

"Every man had light, spongy, well-baked wheat bread. Many of them had with it boiled eggs or liberal slices of meat. In most every pail was some luxury, either pie or huge chunks of cake, and not of the plainest sort, but rich layer cake. They also had a liberal supply of either tea or coffee. * * * * *

Nowhere else in the wide, wide world will the dinner pails of the workers tempt the appetite as here in the United States. No millionaire in this big city eats better food of the same sort than we saw taken from the workmen's pails."

Each of those dinner pails is figuratively a bomb-shell that will scatter to the four winds the theories of anti poverty George and his ilk. The payment of the debt (a living) that is commonly charged against the world by all humanity can, in this free country, be readily forced by sobriety and honest toil.

No stronger proof of this assertion can be found than the contents of the dinner pail of the average American workingman.

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to Alex DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

A DRUGGISTS' COMPACT.

Not to Sell a Woman a Postage Stamp Under Any Circumstances.

In a St. Paul drug store recently, a *Globe* reporter sat smoking a cigar that a policeman had given him, when a pretty maid of about 19 years' growth tripped in through the doorway, and stepping up to the showcase smiled sweetly and asked the attendant if he would sell her a postage stamp. The clerk smiled his loveliest smile and said:

"You can get them on the corner of Fifth and Wabash streets. We haven't any now."

The maiden went out in search of the corner of Fifth and Wabash streets, where she undoubtedly found the postoffice. She had been gone but a few minutes when a fat woman, with perspiration standing out on her face, came in and said to the clerk:

"Give me a two-cent postage stamp, will you?"

The clerk smiled again and said: "We haven't got any. Just out. You can find them on the corner of Jackson and Seventh streets."

The fat woman, muttering something about "what kind of a drug store is this, anyway?" went out and waddled in the direction of Jackson and Seventh streets.

About five minutes after she had gone, a man with broad shoulders and a cast in his eye came in and said,

"Johnny, let me have a postage stamp, will you?"

"What do you want, a two-cent?"

"Yes."

"Why, cert," and the clerk tore off a two-cent stamp from a broad card of them and tossed it out to the man, who licked it, put it on his letter and went out.

"You're a jim dandy," said the reporter to the clerk after the man had gone.

"Why?"

"Why didn't you give those women stamps as well as the man, and not send them galivanting around the country after them?"

"You sin't on, my boy," said he. "If you had stood behind a showcase of a drug store as long as I have you would do just as I did. Of late years women have got in the notion of going to drug stores after their stamps. They'll walk right past the postoffice a dozen times a day and go to a drug store for their stamps. I suppose they think it undignified to stand up in front of a window in the postoffice in a crowd and ask for ten or three cent stamps. It got so that about half the people who came in here wanted stamps, and it took one clerk about all his time to attend to stamp customers, and the great majority were women. Very seldom a man comes into a drug store to buy a stamp. You see, the women talk it over with each other and the first thing they do is to tell each other where they can get stamps without going to the postoffice, and before a druggist knows it he has a reputation as stamp seller. The druggists stood this for a good many years, but a few weeks ago they agreed not to sell a woman a postage stamp under any circumstances. We will sell to men, for they seldom come after them. If I had sold stamps to those women it would have been all over town inside of three days that this was a good place to buy stamps, but that man will never think to say a word about it. You can bet those two women won't come here for stamps again for a long time."

INGALLS' DIPLOMA.

He Got It by the Skin of His Teeth, and Now Williams Delights to Honor Him.

"Vice-President Ingalls had a narrow escape about getting a diploma from his alma mater," remarked a St. Paul gentleman who was a former classmate at Williams College, to the *Globe*. "It was one year ahead of the late President Garfield, and the circumstances which led to it may prove of interest. Near Williams College, in the town of Pittsfield, Mass., there was a young ladies' seminary known as Maplewood Institute, and one of the practices of the good preceptress at the head was to take her charges an airing among the Berkshire Hills in a large omnibus. By a combination of circumstances, one day a buss-load of attracted femininity pulled into the staid old college grounds, and fate led them past West College, in one of the rooms of which was located the freshman John P. Ingalls. He had provided himself with a large tin horn, and as the fair school girls passed his quarters he gave them

AN OUTBURST OF MELODY

with his horn that stirred the whole college. Nothing was said at the time, but a few days later, when the class of which Mr. Ingalls was a member assembled for the rhetorical exercises, President Mark Hopkins entered and took a chair on the rostrum. Instead of taking the thumb of his left hand with his eyeglasses between it and his nose, by the way, when he wanted to scold a delinquent—he called attention to Student Ingalls' breach of decorum, and accused him of not being averse to blowing his own horn upon every occasion.

"Under this castigation from the venerable presiding officer Ingalls sat silent, but full of burrs. The brownish-red face of the stranger was covered with a stubby, sandy beard. When he reached the gate he halted, dismounted and fastened his animal to the picket-fence. Lieut. Craig went down to meet him. After an earnest conversation the man unfastened his animal slowly mounted and rode away. When the lieutenant returned to the porch he remarked: 'Generals, would you believe that that man had ever belonged to the army?'

"Yes," was the reply, "he might have been an old soldier."

"No," said Craig, "I mean as an officer and graduate of the military institute."

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Gen. Averill supplements this story of his first glimpse of the coming Union commander with another interesting meeting with the Confederate commander, Lee. It was April 16, 1861, after the firing on Fort Sumter had dissipated the last hope of avoiding war. "I went to the War Department," the general's story runs, "to make application for the suspension of my furlough. In the ante-room I met Col. Robert E. Lee. He wore an officer's coat, as the morning was chilly. We shook hands, but had little or no conversation. I noticed that he was troubled. He could not keep still, but kept lifting one foot and then the other, as though they were cold. His face wore an expression of intense distress, and traces of tears were in his eyes. No words were needed to tell me what was about to happen. I remember the poignant sense of bereavement with which for the first time I fully realized the peril which the threatened nation, and a dim notion came over me that social ties might be stronger than the government when such a man could be divorced from his allegiance."

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GOOD FOR ALL BOYS.

A Chicago Firm's Book of Suggestions for Its Employes.

A prominent State street dry goods house furnishes all its little cash and errand boys with a "book of suggestions." Under the head of politeness are the following paragraphs:

"Boys should be polite to every one older than themselves, always saying 'yes, sir,' 'no, sir,' 'yes, ma'am,' 'no, ma'am,' as the case may call for, and agreeable to those of their own age.

"Should you accidentally run against any one, stop instantly and say 'excuse me, sir,' or 'excuse me, ma'am.'

The use of nicknames or slang should not be indulged in by a well-behaved boy.

"Should you be called anywhere, hasten there as quick as possible, being careful not to run against or disturb any one or make more noise than necessary."

"Some hope and good advice are given the youngsters under the heads of "Ambition" and "Habits." The suggestions read:

"All boys should be ambitious to make progress in any pursuit or occupation they may be engaged in."

"Learn everything thoroughly, and never try to do too much at a time; and think that you know more than your instructor."

"Anything you are expected to do is worth doing well, and by giving satisfaction in small things you will soon be entrusted with those of more importance, when success is certain if you do your best."

"Never tell a lie under any circumstances, no matter what the result may be."

"Avoid the use of malt and spirituous liquors, and tobacco, as they will stunt your growth and steal away your brains."

"Be anxious to learn and improve your mind. Devote at least one hour every evening to study, remembering that a good education can never be lost."

"Never use profane or obscene language, and shun the company of those who disgrace themselves by doing so.

"Neither borrow nor lend.

"Shun every game of chance.

"Attend strictly to your own business, and do not interfere with matters that do not concern you. Your own affairs if properly looked after, will occupy all your time."

Some suggestions as to how boys should run errands are also presented. Here they are:

"In running errands always thoroughly understand just what you are to do before starting out.

"Don't be afraid to ask for information in case you are not familiar with what is expected of you."

"When you are busy never stop to gossip with other boys, play or loiter on the way."

"In going up or down stairs take but one step at a time, and do not slide upon the rail."

This little gem on the subject of cleanliness should be pasted in the ned-room of every child in Chicago:

"Boys should always take a little pride in their appearance without being considered vain. They should wear a collar and tie, have their hair combed or brushed, and shoes blacked; remembering that a patch on their clothes is no disgrace, while there is no excuse for a rent, absence of a button or pants ragged at the bottom."

The little book concludes with this homily on honesty:

"Remember that the most notorious criminals commenced their disgraceful career by first stealing little things. The habit grew upon them as they grow older, until they now spend half their time in prison and are shunned by every one. What a contrast between the life of one of them and that of the man who lives an upright and honest life, through being able to refrain from doing wrong when he was young. The one living the life of a dog, forsaken by the friends and acquaintances of his childhood, the other enjoying the comforts of a home, surrounded by a happy family and respected by all who know him. Boys should bear this contrast in mind, and be more than ever determined not to be led into temptation."—*Chicago Herald.*

GRANT IN 1857.

An Occasion When He Didn't Look at all Like a West-Pointer.

Gen. Averill, the Union cavalry leader, tells an interesting story of the last time he ever saw Ulysses S. Grant. It was in 1857, while Gen. Averill was on his way to join his regiment in New Mexico. When he got fourteen miles or so west of St. Louis, leave was given him to go back for a few days. He had to wait nearly an hour at Kirkwood for a returning train, and he passed the time chatting with Lieut. Craig and his wife on the porch of their cottage. Craig was the commissary of the expedition.

While they were sitting there there came up the country road which skirted the railway station a wagon drawn by a fine pair of horses. In the wagon, with a fine overcoat, such as private soldiers wear, and a black felt hat rather broken and worn. In his hand he carried a small blacksnake whip, which he applied to the pot-bellied mare he was riding. The animal's mane and tail, it was noticed, were full of burrs. The brownish-red face of the stranger was covered with a stubby, sandy beard. When he reached the gate he halted, dismounted and fastened his animal to the picket-fence. Lieut. Craig went down to meet him. After an earnest conversation the man unfastened his animal slowly mounted and rode away. When the lieutenant returned to the porch he remarked: 'Generals, would you believe that that man had ever belonged to the army?'

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OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It seems to be a growing fashion that of two authors entering into a partnership in the writing of a book. Several instances will occur to those familiar with current literature, some of them successful—others failures. It is needless to say that for the best to come out of such an arrangement, the minds of the two workers need to be in a way the complements of each other, or they each must bring to the joint labor some strong characteristics which will meet and harmoniously blend together. A recent combination which promises well in the novel line is that of Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Thomas Byrnes, Chief of the New York Detective Bureau, the latter with his mind full of wonderful stories of adventure with which his profession has made him familiar, and the former a writer of marked taste and ability. The outcome ought to be deeply interesting.

PRINCES, it is said, are proverbially ungrateful, but it would seem that ingratitude is not entirely confined to families in which royalty is an inheritance. Those who recall the history of Pres. Garfield's long days of suffering, which stretched through the summer, will remember how unintermitting was the attendance of Dr. Edson, who had been the family physician, and who was a woman with a large practice in Washington. This she was compelled to give up entirely for the time in order to comply with the earnest requests of the sufferer and of Mrs. Garfield to watch by his bedside. She, more than any other physician, could bring him surcease from pain to the very last, but it was at the expense of health and at a great pecuniary sacrifice that she remained. Then, when the physicians came to be paid for their services, she received but a tithe of what fell to the others, for no other reason possible to assign, but because she was a woman.

IT would seem that in the face of this injustice, it would have been a graceful, as well as a grateful, recognition of her untiring services, for Mrs. Garfield, enriched by a nation's generosity, to make up to Dr. Edson out of this abundant means, what was not given to her equally with the other physicians. For some reason, however, she has failed to do so, and it is difficult to look upon this failure in any other light than cold-hearted selfishness, when it is known that this skilful physician and faithful nurse has permanently shattered her health, and will never again be able to take up her profession with her old vigor and energy. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

THE two great factors necessary for success in any undertaking are enthusiasm and energy. An indolent, half-hearted way of working always fails. Even painstaking and industry without the fire of enthusiasm will only give mediocre results. They may carry one respectably through life, but they will never produce anything which belongs to the realm of high success. Concerning journalism Lilian Whiting says in the Boston *Traveller*: "To the right person there are a thousand chances of success to one of failure. Who can judge? Only the aspirant herself. All the world may tell her she will fail, and if she feels the inner assurance that her success is manifest destiny, let her face the impossible and overcome the insurmountable. Success is that fine full-blooming of life which is the fruit which many conditions go to perfect. Temperament, the power of sympathetic assimilation, versatile availability, sweetness of spirit, the faculty to live harmoniously in the atmosphere of a newspaper office, which is a world of itself, and *enthusiasm, enthusiasm*—all these are indispensable factors in success, and without these qualifications the mere ability to write acceptably will never make a professional journalist.

THOSE who scoff at the idea that women have made no progress in securing equal rights with men, would find it fondly hug the fancy that the day when they shall possess the same privileges as the other sex is far distant, read the following about the progress in the Quaker City and be convinced:

A New York girl visiting recently in Philadelphia was taken to the opera by a young man, and at the close of the performance was asked to partake of some slight refreshment in the way of a supper. She accepted the invitation, and, at the close of the repast, was somewhat astonished to see her escort reach for her pocketbook, which lay on the table at her side, and coolly pay the bill out of her money. This, in the morning of January 6, we found to our inexpressible delight, that Gen Bragg had withdrawn his shattered columns, abandoned the town and filed off in the direction of Chattanooga. We gave chase immediately, picking up a few stragglers and capturing a part of their rear guard. But finded the next battle I was ever engaged in, and which at first brought our forces to the verge of ruin; but which finally resulted in the enemy's defeat, their loss being about 10,000, and nearly that number of our brave comrades fell in the defense of liberty and right. Towards evening, however, our thoughts were not of victories and fields won, but of friends, but were centered upon one subject—how to get something to fill our empty stomachs. Our feelings, at that time, can be more easily imagined than described, as we filed into a cedar thicket for the night without any food, or the remotest idea of obtaining it until next day. Most of us had not tasted food in 48 hours, not having time to procure it when we were taken from picket duty at Nashville, and immediately started for the battlefield. Fortunately, I had about ½ pound of fat sow meat in my haversack when we left Nashville, and I am confident that I took that piece of meat from my mouth long a dozen times before I could persuade my stomach to take it without bread. Finally, I cut it into three small slices and broiled it over a brush fire, and, while I ate it, and the grease ran down my throat as fast as I could swallow, I vowed I had eaten a sweeter morsel at my father's table.—GEORGE W. BEAL, Corporal Co. A, 3d Tennessee Cavalry Scranton, Knox Co., Tenn.

A Soldier's Opinion.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I see you want to hear from old soldiers in regard to the rejection of the proposition to pension the widows of Gens. John A. Logan and Frank P. Blair. To refuse to pension the widow of John A. Logan, is contemptible mean, and would never be thought of, only by those who hate the brave men who helped to put down the rebellion. She should be pensioned. First—Because the disease from which he died was, without doubt, contracted in the army; Second—Because few, if any, have been as true and loyal as he was; Third—Because the country owes to him and his a debt for service which never can be fully pay; Fourth—Because his excellent wife was one spring of inspiration in all of the great and excellent work that this great and good man did for his country. Therefore she is more deserving than most any other woman whose name has been presented to the government for a pension. I think I have some right to speak. I enlisted in the 12th Ill. Vol. Inf., which was sworn into service on April 25, 1861, eleven days after Ft. Sumpter fell, for three months, and June 19, 1861, for three years, or during the war, and I served out any time but have never applied for a pension, although I had a severe attack of typhoid fever which I contracted at Ghain bridge, better known as Kanawha Falls, West Virginia, in August, 1861, and have suffered extremely from its effects ever since.—W. P. JACKSON, 121 O. V. I., Decatur, Brown county, Ohio.

Prison Experience.

EDITOR CAMPFIRE:—I was taken prisoner Nov. 27th, 1863, at the battle of Locust Grove near the Wilderness, Va., paroled February 27th 1865 at Northeast Cape Fear River, ten miles north of Wilmington, N. C., was held as a prisoner of war at the following places: Libby, Belle Island, Pemberton, Castle, Andersonville, Miller, Blackshear, Charlestown, Florence and Goldsboro. For the nourishment of Comrade A. P. Dalton, I would add to his bug soup the following chip of a beef bone: I was on that desolate Belle Island from the 10th of December, 1863, until February 18, 1864. Well do I remember Lieut. Cassey, the commander of the post. His beloved fat, white bull terrier strolled into the prison camp about the 10th of February, 1864, and was decoyed into the tent of some Germans, who belonged to a New York regiment. He was covered with a blanket and his throat cut within a rod of my tent. He was immediately skinned, cut up, and cooked into a fine savory soup. I saw them eat the soup, and I had secured one paw and a part of his skin, which I carried through my prison life, and while being washed preparatory to entering St. John's hospital, Annapolis, Md., my ward-robe consisting of only an army blouse and drawers, which were very filthy and in full possession of the loathsome grey-backs, my clothes containing prison life relics, including that of Bonsenz's bull terrier, were taken from me and burnt. Comrade Dalton, I also remember, the red-headed rebel Sergeant Hight, who so unmercifully wielded his cudgel upon the heads and backs of feeble and sickly prisoners. I also remember the Yankee Frenchman on parole upon the island, etc., and it makes me sad to think of cold and chilly, yet beautiful moonlight nights of December, 1863. How close we used to spoon by day and by night, while the cold, biting winds were blowing up the frozen James river from the ocean, and while many of the prisoners, clad only in army shirts and pants, constantly pattering in their already frozen bare feet up and down the hard-beaten ground of Market

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Bessemer Steel.

J. A. Osborn, Freeman Mills, N. C.:

1. Please give a list of the engineering and mining journals published in the United States and name the one you published. 2. Describe the process of making Bessemer steel.

1. The answer to your first question will be found in any newspaper directory, a copy of which may be found in any newspaper office. 2. In 1855 Henry Bessemer patented a process of blowing air or steam through molten pig iron in crucibles until the metal was decarburized to any desired extent, and then, when sufficiently white steam cooled the metal air increased the heat from red to white. A patent in December of the same year specified a circular, or elliptical vessel, provided with a refractory lining and hung on trunnions, which could be tilted or emptied by means of a lipped opening. In this patent the essential features of the process were fully developed. A patent in February 12, 1856, was subsequently granted to Bessemer, but the process was sufficient without the additional use of fuel, and that, according to the duration of the blowing soft iron or steel could be made. In 1856 Bessemer read a paper before the British association at Cheltenham on the Manufacture of steel and iron without fuel, which created an intense interest. But the subsequent trials did not yield uniformly satisfactory results, and except by the inventor the process was abandoned. Patient inventor the process was abandoned. Patient and careful experiments showed that not all pig iron were adapted to the process; that sulphur and phosphorus were not eliminated and consequently pig iron containing a notable proportion of these substances could not be utilized. Again the interruption of the process at the point of decarburization desired was found to be impracticable, owing to a lack of trustworthy indications. Further it was found that the process was not adapted for making the finer and harder steels, but had its chief application in the production of low steel or soft iron. The absorption of oxygen, and the consequent redshortness of the metal when the pig iron was blown to nearly complete decarburization was overcome by the introduction of a definite amount of pig iron containing from 7 to 12 per cent of manganese. This was a suggestion of Robert Mushet, and to it the practical success of the Bessemer process is due. After conquering all the obstacles to success Bessemer did not find a ready acceptance of his process owing to the mistrust caused by his former failures. He, therefore, in 1859, started a small furnace in Sheffield on his own account. His success led to a general adoption of his process throughout the entire civilized world, but more particularly in Sweden, where the pure ores and fuel furnished a pig iron admirably adapted to the work. In 1867 there were 52 Bessemer converters in Russia 22, in France 12, in Austria 14, in Sweden 15, in Belgium 2. In 1873 Germany alone had 70 and the number had raised in England to 105. The increase as it is now is not confined to Missouri and the pig iron second transferring the molten metal to the converter, where it is subjected to the action of the blast of air; third, pouring the finished product into a ladle; fourth, pouring the ladle into the mold. The metal when solid, but when still hot, is taken from the molds and worked by rolling or hammering into desired shapes. Pig iron is sometimes used direct from the blast furnaces, but re-melting is generally found to be advantageous. The furnaces now used for this purpose are generally cupolas, which melt quicker and are more economical, although a direct contact of the metal with the fuel may cause a deterioration of the iron if the fuel is impure. The reverbatory furnace is not open to this objection, but the pig iron may here suffer a loss of silicon and manganese, owing to the oxidizing atmosphere. The molten metal is either run into ingots or taken directly from the furnace to the converter. The converter is a pear-shaped vessel, sometimes called a retort, and consists of an iron mouth, lined with refractory silicon material.

Prunes and Prunelles.

A. B., Albion, Mich.:

What is the dried fruit called prunelles sold by the grocers, and where does it grow?

Plum is the name of a wild and cultivated fruit. Formerly our cultivated stone fruits were distributed in three or four different genera, but the highest botanical authority, number the almond, peach, apricot plum and cherry, all under the genus prunus. The use of the plum is for dessert, preserving, and drying to make prunes. In France several distinct sorts are raised especially for manufacturing into prunes, the most prominent among which is the Quetsche or German prune, the St. Catharine, Brignolles, and others. The fruits are not dried until the sun has dried off the dews. They are then picked by hand and spread in shallow baskets, which are kept in a cool and airy place. When they have become soft they are shut up in ovens for 24 hours; taken out and replaced, after the ovens have been slightly reheated again. The next day they are taken out and treated by a slight shaking of the scive upon which they have rested. After the ovens have again been heated they are put in for a third time and left another 24 hours, after which they are taken out and permitted to get perfectly cold. After some manipulation they are taken out, heated twice in the ovens and packed in jars or cans for shipment. The finer kinds of prunes only receive this treatment. The second sort are shaken from the trees, dried with less care, and roughly packed in cases. A kind of dried plum is prepared at Bugnolle's, France, and bears the name of that place. It has the skin removed before drying and the stone afterwards. From the bruised pulp of plum, and the kernels fermented with flour and honey and the mass distilled, a spirit is obtained in the south of France. The prunelles are the plums after separated and the smaller, better dried, are classed as prunelles. They find ready sale in nearly all parts of the world.

Dred Scott Decision.

F. L. P., Sandusky, O:

1. Did all the members of the Superior court concur on the "Dred Scott bill?" If not, how many? 2. When and who was the first Postmaster General of the United States? What two U. S. senators were expelled on account of the Credit Mobilier of America?

1. On March 6, 1857, the United States Supreme court gave a decision which greatly agitated the North and West. Dred Scott was a slave who had lived for four years with his master in Illinois, and afterward in Minnesota, in both of which states slave-holding was illegal. He was carried back to Missouri and then sued for his freedom. Scott entered a suit against his master for assault, claiming that as he had lived in two free states he was free. He won his case by a decision of the Missouri Circuit court. It went to the Supreme court, where in 1852 the latter court affirmed that negroes were things or chattels, "had no rights which white people were bound to respect," could be carried by an owner wherever he pleased, and had no standing in court which enabled them to sue. Chief Justice Roger B. Tanney supported the decision. A small minority of the judges dissented from this view. 2. First postoffice established in 1710, and Col. Spotswood was the first postmaster general, appointed in 1737. Ben: Franklin was his assistant. On the death of Spotswood Franklin succeeded him. In 1775 the Continental Congress erected the postoffice department and Ben Franklin was again appointed postmaster general. July 1, 1851, the reform postage bill went into effect, making great reductions in rates. 3. Nobody was expelled from the Senate. Oakes Ames and James Brooks were condemned by the House.

Mark Twain.

Josie Miller, Portland, Me.:

Please give a sketch of Mark Twain.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), an American humorist, was born at Florida, Monroe county, Missouri, November 30, 1835. He attended a common school until 13 years of age, when he became an apprentice in a printing office at Hannibal, Missouri, and afterwards worked at his trade in St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York and Philadelphia. In 1850 he went to went to New Orleans, intending to take passage for Para to explore the Amazon and to engage in the cocoa trade. But the fact that there was no ship from New Orleans to Para prevented the fulfillment of his plans. On the way down the Mississippi he had made friends with the pilot and learned to steer the boat, and for the consideration of $500 he agreed to make him a St. Louis and Orleans pilot. He went up and down the river steering and studying the 1,275 miles of river, and after a time secured a license and obtained a salary of $250 a month. In 1861 his brother was appointed secretary of the territory of Nevada, and he accompanied him as private, and says in his "Roughing It" that he was really worth a million dollars for about ten days, and then lost it all through his heedlessness. He then shovelled quartz in a silver mine for $10 a week, but for one week only. In the meantime he had written several letters to the Virginia City *Enterprise*, and in the winter of '72 he became city editor, a position he held for three years. Part of the time he wrote legislative proceedings from Carson, summing up the week's doings in letters which he signed "Mark Twain." The name was a remembrance of his Mississippi days, when that phrase was used to denote a depth of two fathoms of water (12 feet.) From there he went to San Francisco, and for five months was a reporter on the *Morning Call*. He then went to Calaveras county and engaged in surface gold digging for three months, without success. Returning to San Francisco, he supported himself for several months by newspaper work. In 1866 he went to the Hawaiian Islands, coming back with a high reputation, which he turned to account by giving lectures in San Francisco and through California and Nevada. In that world Easy and published the "Jumping Frog and Other Sketches." In the same year he went up the Mediterranean with a pleasure party. Of this excursion he gave humorous accounts in his "Innocents Abroad," of which 125,000 copies were sold.

Salary Grab.

R. T. Smith, Horse Cave, Ky.:

Please explain the "Salary Grab."

At the session of Congress, 1871-73, acts were passed to abolish the franking privilege to increase the President's salary from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, and that of senators from $8,-000 to $7,500. The last proved quite unpopular and was called the "Salary Grab," because of the feature which made it apply to Congress who passed the bill, and of course go back to the beginning of their time. This was not new, as early precedents were found to excuse it, but the people were dissatisfied with it and was made an issue at the next Congressional election. Many were defeated for re-election, but probably more survived the issue and are still enjoying public life. But the agitation was kept up until the objectionable feature was annulled and the Congressional salary placed where it now remains—$5,000 a year and mileage.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

F. W. R., Watseka, Ill.: Yes.

A. B., Hannibal, O.: Masculine.

C. E. W., Abilene, Kan.: No addresses of firms are published in these columns.

L. A. R., Alhambra, Ill.: The Question Bureau does not give addresses of firms selling goods.

Subscriber, Gibson, Ind.: Your question is a violation of paragraph 2 at the head of this column.

D. J., Jordan Springs, Kas.: To answer your question would be to violate paragraph 2 at the head of the Bureau.

E. E. Brown, Clear Lake, Wis.: A. J. Sparks, Washington, D. C., can give you the latest and most reliable information.

R. D. Greenwood, Dundee, Mich.: To answer your question would be a violation of paragraph 2 at the head of this column.

C. I. O., Moscow, I. T.:

Does Jeff Davis receive a pension for his services in the Mexican war, if so, how much. He does not.

L. E. C., Forest, Ind.:

There is a discussion about the Capital of Dakota. What is the Capital?

Bismarck.

Evelyn, Wilton, Mass.:

Will you please tell me what day of the week the 19th day of May, 1870, fell on?

Thursday.

D. L. Thompson, Nashville, Ark.:

What religious denomination has the most members?

Lutherans.

A. D., Muri, Mich.:

Through your columns, will you give the address of Rev. W. W. Childs?

Philadelphia.

David Ruble, Alsea, Benton Co., Ore.:

Your question would be answered more thoroughly by addressing A. J. Sparks, commission of the General land office, Washington, D. C.

N. T., Susbury, Fla.:

Is it always necessary to employ an attorney in applying for a patent on an invention?

It costs very little money, and saves a great deal of time.

R. A. D., Fairbanks, Ind.: You had better send the stone to some reliable jeweler. It is very hard to tell from your description just what it is. Such a stone as you describe might be an opal.

W. L. C., Tomah, Monroe county, Wis.: The address of the paper about which you inquire is not known. Take any newspaper directory (to be found in all newspaper offices) and you can find a list of all such papers.

H. M., Iola, Allen Co., Kans.:

Is there a school in which one can learn the jeweler's trade?

None known. All manufacturing jewelers take apprentices to a limited number.

L. N. C., Florence, Mass.:

Is there a superstition connected with the precious opal?

Some people claim it is an unlucky stone, but the superstition has no known origin.

"River," Berkin, O.:

Which is the longest river in the world?

The Missouri, taken in conjunction with the lower Mississippi, is the largest; but the Amazon is the longest independent river.

L. W. Beals, Vale, Butte Co., Dak.:

1. See paragraph in this department headed public lands.

2. To answer this would be a violation of paragraph 2 at the head of this department.

Katie G., Fletcher, Syenite, Mo.:

Will the government sell to one person as many acres at $1.25 an acre as he may want to buy?

See paragraph in this department headed public lands.

A Canadian, Grassett:

What is the army rifle used by the United States soldiers?

The government pursues a most conservative policy in army the troops with Springfield rifles instead of magizine guns.

Mrs. E. L., et nl, Laura, Kas.: It would be in the nature of a doctor's work to answer your question, and nobody could give a correct answer unless fully acquainted with all the particulars and symptoms. You had better state your case to some good physician.

P. M. Thompson, Vallonia, Ind.:

1. How much property must a man, married or single, and have a good name have to make him pay a note on account? 2. Is Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage a Republican or Democrat.

1. It varies in different states; ask some lawyer. 2. Generally supposed to be a Republican.

W. J., Georgetown, Ill.:

What was Oscar Wilde? Please give a sketch of his life?

Oscar Wilde was a contemporary poet, born in London about 1854. He is a son of that Lady W. who wrote poems over the signature "Speranza." He belongs to the æsthetic school.

Amanda, Hunter, O.:

Are there schools in Toledo, Cincinnati, Columbus or any other city of the United States where cookery is taught in all its branches? If so, how shall I obtain full information with reference to the same?

There are. Write to Toledo, O., Manual Training School, and they will send you full particulars.

J. C. P., Farmington, Mo.:

Please state how much Senator Sherman, of Ohio, is supposed to be worth? A neighbor of his in this city that he is the second richest man in the United States, richer than Jay Gould. I claim that he is far from it.

Senator Sherman is comfortably well off, but would not be classed as a very rich man.

Luther Brown, Hutchinson, Kan.:

Will you please state through the Question Bureau (1) What progress the advocates of spelling reform are making? 2. Will you kindly furnish me names of periodicals published in the interest of this movement? 3. Do you think the movement is feasible, and that it ought to succeed?

1. Very little. 2. There are none. 3. Yes.

A Subscriber, Bealsville, O.:

What is a court of Claims, and by what authority organized?

The court of Claims was established by an act of Congress February 24, 1855. It consists of a chief justice and four judges who are appointed by the President, and who receive $4,500 annually. Their duty is to review the judgments and accounts against the government. They lessen the work of Congress.

O. M. B., Palmer, Washington Co., Kans.:

1. Is there any remedy that will stop and kill hair from growing on the face, as beard? 2. In the Bible where is there a verse that contains all the letters in the alphabet?

1. The only successful way is to have them removed by electricity by some practical person. 2. In the seventh chapter of Ezra and 21st verse are all the letters of the alphabet, J and I being considered the same, as was once a custom.

C. H. Woolent, Williamstown, Vt.:

1. How was the ocean originally salted? 2. Why are the rivers and lakes fresh when the ocean is salt?

1. By the saline substances continually being emptied into it. 2. Because the water is constantly passing out of the lakes, and they are filling with new water, while in the ocean the water only evaporates and leaves the saline matter behind. The ocean is growing more salty each decade.

C. D. Hughes, Summerford, O.:

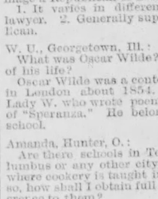
Please answer following: 1. How did Farragut cut the chain which was across the Mississippi river, below New Orleans? 2. Why did President Johnson escape when Andrew Johnson was impeached and why did he not set on his trial?

1. By his boat crowding against it. 2. The Senate refused to pass the impeachment resolution by one vote. B. F. Wade, of Ohio was President of the Senate. It would not have been proper for him to act, as in the event of Johnson's impeachment he would have succeeded him.

H. E. W. F., Mackaburg, Iowa:

Please give the date of J. Fenimore Cooper.

James Fenimore Cooper was a distinguished



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Skin Beautifiers and Blood Purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(5) F. Wagner, Helena, O.:

Please give a list of Ohio's governors?

Albin C. De Mary, Pleasant Plains, Ill., writes: Arthur St. Clair, 1802-3; 1788-1802; Chas. Willing Byrd, 1803-3; Edward Tiffin, state, 1803-7; Thomas Kirker, (acting), 1807-8; Samuel Huntington, 1808-10; Return J. Meigs, 1810-14; Othniel Looker (acting), 1813; Thomas Worthington, 1814-18; William Allen Brown, 1818-22; Allen Trimble, (acting), 1822; Jeremiah Morrow, 1822-26; Allen Trimble, 1826-30; Duncan McArthur, 1830-32; Robert Lucas, 1832-36; Joseph Vance, 1836-38; William Shannon, 1838-40; Thomas Corwin, 1840-42; Wilson Shannon, 1842-44; Thomas W. Bartley, (acting), 1844; Mordecai Bartley, 1844-46; William Bebb, 1846-48; Seabury Ford, 1848-50; William Medill, 1850-53; William Medill, (acting), 1853-54; Salmon P. Chase, 1856-60; William Dennison, 1860-62; David Tod, 1862-64; John Brough, 1863-64; Charles Anderson (acting), 1865-66; Jacob D. Cox, 1866-68; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1868-72; Edward T. Noyes, 1872-74; William Allen, 1874-76; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1876-77; William H. Bishop, 1877-80; Charles Foster, 1880-82; Richard Readly, 1882-86, Joseph B. Foraker, 1886-88.

(4) C. R. B., Woodward, S. C.:

Please tell about the chaplains in the United States army?

Albin C. De Mary, Pleasant Plains, Ill., writes: The President can, with the consent of Congress, appoint 30 post chaplains, and a chaplain for every one of the cavalry, and two infantry regiments of colored troops. Every chaplain in the army have the rank of captain of infantry, without command, and have the same privileges as other officers as to terms of office, retirement and pensions. The pay is $1,500 per annum for the first five years, $1,650 for the next five, $1,800 for the following five, and $2,100 after twenty years of service. The duty of chaplains of colored troops and post chaplains, include the institution of the school and library and the common English branches of education.

She Puts the Little Fellow to Sleep.

Nurse to nervous child of five years: "Now, Master Herbert, I'll tell you just one story and then you must go right off to sleep or the black man will catch you. He's right under your bed; don't you hear him growl?" She growls terrifically. "Hear that, will you? He's all ready to eat you up if you stir or speak. Well, once there was a little boy just your age and his name was Herbert, too; and one day he was going through the woods when an awful, horrid, *horrid* thing came out of a cave and caught him. It had eyes of fire and red hot claws and teeth six inches long, and wings of flame. It caught little Herbert up, and bit and scratched one arm off, and one eye out, and then it dragged him into the dark cave and threw him in among bears and lions and tigers and wolves and snakes; and one dreadful old snake wound itself 'round and 'round him and broke all his bones. Just think of it! Then the other animals fell on him and tore him all to pieces, and then they went to his papa and mamma too. Now isn't that a nice little story? You must go right to sleep, for that horrid thing is perched right on the foot of your bed, and if you open your eyes it'll carry you off. And that big snake and all those other animals are right in this room and ready to pitch on to you if you speak. Now go right sleep, like a good child, and to-morrow night I'll tell you another pretty little story. Whatever are you trembling so for? and what makes your teeth chatter so? Hush that crying or I'll call for the bears to come. There! you'd better cover up your head. Good night."—*Tid Bits.*

They Were Saved.

"Jane," said a young husband, as he came home and threw himself dejectedly into a chair, "we are ruined. If I don't raise $500 by the 1st of July the mortgage on this house will be foreclosed and we shall be turned out of home. We have economized down to the last notch, and I have only $350 on hand. If I save three-fourths of my salary for the next month I shall still lack $60 of having enough money to pay off the mortgage."

"Would $60 save our home, Jared?" said his wife, anxiously.

"It would, Jane."

"Then," said his young wife, her eyes flashing and her face flaming with the glow of self-sacrifice, "Jared, we will do without coffee for the next month!"

"We are saved! Jane, you are an angel!" exclaimed the enraptured husband.

The Land Question.

The class who think that land ought to be held in common call it a "boon of nature," but we have noticed that they don't want any of that boon when it entails labor. Like cleaning up land that is in a state of nature. They want a share in land where somebody else has done the hard work necessary to turn the boon into something that is comparatively easy to use, and from which an immediate return can be obtained. They would like a share in a farm right on Broadway or Fifth avenue, where a neat harvest in rents may be realized every month or so with very little labor. Or perhaps they might be induced to farm it at some county seat on the Hudson if they could have the property rent free. Land is indeed a boon of nature, and nature has a large quantity of it on hand in the western part of this country that can be had very cheap, but work is necessary to make it productive.—*Texas Siftings.*

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

☞ PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL.

Lydia E. Pinkham

SEE FINE ORIGINATION, "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

ITS MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.

☞ IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRŒA. MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

Physicians Use it and Prescribe It.

☞ IT REVIVES THE DROOPING SPIRITS, INVIGORATES AND HARMONIZES THE ORGANIC FUNCTIONS, GIVES ELASTICITY AND FIRMNESS TO THE STEP, RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTRE TO THE EYE, AND PLANTS ON THE PALE CHEEK OF WOMAN THE FRESH ROSES OF LIFE'S SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER TIME.

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL it claims to do.

It will cure entirely all ovarian or uterine troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

THE *Woman's Sure* Friend FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LADIES IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE, AND THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

☞ All Sold by Druggists. ☜

MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION BILIOUSNESS AND TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, 25 CENTS.

THE MATTER OF TITLES.

The Rage Among Americans for Titular Dignities.

When this Republic was founded one relic of its old monarchic allegiance was preserved, namely: a use of honorary titles. We no longer had a Majesty to bow to, so we revered an Excellency. There were no Serene Highnesses to whom we could pay court; no Most Nobles and High and Mighties and Lordships and Ladyships to compose an aristocracy which should patronize the remainder of the Commonwealth, so we lumped our Superior Beings under the general head of Honorables. The use of these titles has generated into abuse, and the principle of giving aristocratic handles to the names of our plebeians is inconsistent with the idea of absolute equality. Let Governor McGuff, for instance, gets into the legislature. It will not do to inquire too closely how he does it, but he gets there. He is mixed up in all the deals, the jobs, the swindles that he can get into; he is criminal, unintelligent and incapable; it is at a cost of public honor and public money that he keeps his place. Well, what then? At the end of a year he returns to his ward with money enough to start a liquor saloon, and he is "the Honorable Jerry McGuff" from that time forth. His next door neighbor, his superior mentally and morally, goes to his grave as plain John Smith, known to his friends as John, to his boss as Smith, and is not so much as a "Mister"—a term which originally meaning, though a corruption of the "Master" that implied adult condition and capacity in profession or trade. The "Honorables" of New York city, could they be collected and exhibited, would be found to include so many dishonorable people that suspicion would rest on almost any man who should urge its usage for himself. Esquire is another fitting appended to the names of many who have not earned it. The Catholic church maintains in this country the monarchic titles of its temporal power. His Eminence and His Grace have an unpleasant sound in the democratic ear. But the acme of titular exploitation is reached in the benefit societies, where the names of the reception committee at a dance of the Combined Brotherhood of Mutual Honeyfuglers, or of vice presidents at a 25-cent concert given under the auspices of the Protective Beneficent Order of Latchkey Owners would lead one to suppose that when one of their favorites was lauded at Fulton Ferry the Twenty-sixth ward would tip up. Solomon in all his glory was never the owner of so many names. It is nothing unusual for a small shopkeeper who is called "Hullo, Schmitzenberger" in the daytime, to bloom forth in the night with red and green ribbons and blue sashes and gold badges on him, clutching a scepter of power and wielding it over a group of abject initiates who are taught to address him as The Most Sublime and Right Worthy Ruler. How he can endure to continue in the grocery business after a night of such exaltation is not to be thought out. The little dry goods clerk who doesn't dare to look at a second plate of hash for his employer for an afternoon off, lords it over sixteen or eighteen subjects on lodge night and is called Supreme Dictator. When one of these societies meets in the evening in a 12x15 temple on the fourth floor above a hardware shop the Past Grand Lord of the Door Knob announces that there are no spies or traitors in the house, the password "Rats!" is solemnly whispered by each in turn to the Most Noble Custodian of Secret Significances, the names are called by the Grand Master of the Rolls, the Most Excellent First Solicitor of Dues reports to the Most Exalted and Puissant Lord of the Exchequer that the total receipts from the various branches of education.

She Puts the Little Fellow to Sleep.

Nurse to nervous child of five years: "Now, Master Herbert, I'll tell you just one story and then you must go right off to sleep or the black man will catch you. He's right under your bed; don't you hear him growl?" She growls terrifically. "Hear that, will you? He's all ready to eat you up if you stir or speak. Well, once there was a little boy just your age and his name was Herbert, too; and one day he was going through the woods when an awful, horrid, *horrid* thing came out of a cave and caught him. It had eyes of fire and red hot claws and teeth six inches long, and wings of flame. It caught little Herbert up, and bit and scratched one arm off, and one eye out, and then it dragged him into the dark cave and threw him in among bears and lions and tigers and wolves and snakes; and one dreadful old snake wound itself 'round and 'round him and broke all his bones. Just think of it! Then the other animals fell on him and tore him all to pieces, and then they went to his papa and mamma too. Now isn't that a nice little story? You must go right to sleep, for that horrid thing is perched right on the foot of your bed, and if you open your eyes it'll carry you off. And that big snake and all those other animals are right in this room and ready to pitch on to you if you speak. Now go right sleep, like a good child, and to-morrow night I'll tell you another pretty little story. Whatever are you trembling so for? and what makes your teeth chatter so? Hush that crying or I'll call for the bears to come. There! you'd better cover up your head. Good night."—*Tid Bits.*

—Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attack, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "Pellets." By druggists.

The Public at Large.

Among some old papers sent to the Austin jail, was the election circular of one of the local candidates. One of the prisoners, who has been in the jail for the last year, looked at it an said:

"Look here, boys, this is not intended for us. It is addressed 'To the people at large.' That don't mean us."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Anecdotes and Peculiarities of Notable People.

Louis L. Lorillard has taken possession of the magnificent villa at Newport, bequeathed to him by Miss Catherine Wolfe. Since the death of Miss Wolfe, says *Harper's Weekly*, he has learned that during his two years' absence in Europe she instructed her agent who was buying treasures for the adornment of the house to consult his tastes in all matters, in order that he might be the better pleased when he came into possession. Every day he finds stored away in the commodious closets of the villa surprises in the shape of costly embroideries or bric-a-brac, of whose existence nobody seems to have known. The whole story is almost a chapter from the "Arabian Nights."

General George A. Sheridan is no relative of Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan. Upon this subject he once said in a political speech: "I am constantly asked what relation I am to General Phil Sheridan. Let me answer that question so there can be no possible misunderstanding. I am not his brother, nor his cousin, his father or his mother, his uncle or his aunt, nor his wife's aunt's sister's mother-in-law. In fact, I am no possible relation of the great soldier. He has had quite a number of misfortunes in life, but being a relative of mine is not one of them."—*Chicago Journal.*

Lord Lansdowne's name is enough to make a man eccentric. He is "Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne; Earl Wycombe, Chipping Wycombe, Buckinghamshire; Viscount Calne and Calestone, Wiltshire; Earl of Kerry; Earl of Shelburne; Viscount Clanmaurice and Fitzmaurice; Lixnaw and Dunkeron."

The society papers here are never weary of dwelling upon the fact that the Marquis of Lorne is snubbed at court, and that he is not liked by the queen. He was present with the royal party during their visit to the Wild West show. When the queen left she treated him with more consideration than any gentleman of the party. She turned to him with great kindness and put out her hand to him in an affectionate way. He was the only one present who was not treated with formality when she went away. He bent as quick as flash and kissed her hand when she extended it to him. When the carriage drove away she again turned and nodded her head to him in the most emphatic and friendly way.

Value of Court Presentation.

An American lady living in London denies that a presentation at the queen's drawing-room is worth less to the women of the new world than to others. She denies that any national discrimination is shown by the royal officials against Americans. As to the advantages of being presented they are more manifest in London society than elsewhere. At home, in America, it may be counted a gratifying honor. It may be a personal satisfaction to the lady herself. But if she wishes to go into London society it is a positive passport to success. If she gets invitations to a few houses she is soon asked if she has been presented. If the reply is no, then inquiries are always made of the person introducing her as to the reason for her not having been presented.

It is thought at once that there must be some plebeian reason for it not creditable to the lady. Of course the minister has always had, as he has now, the right to reject those women he did not think proper persons to introduce to the queen, and a lady who has not been presented and yet who is seen in society, is naturally put down among the rejected ones. The number of American women who wish to be presented at court has grown to be so large that Mr. Phelps has found great trouble in discriminating among those who should go to court. He first called the attention of Lord Chamberlain to the matter, and he consulted with the queen. That was what brought out the official statement that all American women would be received at court who would be eligible for presentation if they were English subjects.

As is well known, the queen rigidly excludes all divorced women from her drawing-rooms. The Prince of Wales, however, is more lenient, and divorce does not make a man ineligible for presentation at the levees at St. James's Palace. When the lord chamberlain gave Mr. Phelps the reply from the queen Mr. Phelps said that under those circumstances he should ask for no invitations for any lady presented to court. Mr. Phelps has been besieged with requests for invitations ever since he came to London, and it often has placed him in the most embarrassing position. Some American women have seemed to think that the main business of our minister was to see that his country women were presented at court, and also that they had cards of invitation for any entertainment which they might like to attend.

Good at Remembering Faces.

A remarkable memory for faces and names has been one of the causes of Speaker Husted's constant popularity among the politicians of the state and his frequent election as speaker. Last summer his recollection of men was illustrated in a most notable manner. He had been on a journey through Mexico and had arrived at the frontier railway station. A United States custom house officer was stationed there to examine the baggage of the passengers for articles that should pay a duty. "I was going to wait over in the town for several hours," said the speaker in describing his experience, "and was in a hurry to have the custom house officer examine about a dozen packages and boxes I had brought with me from the City of Mexico and then leave the depot to see the town—I think it was El Paso del Norte. Accordingly I had all my baggage put together in one heap and then catching the eye of the custom house official I said: 'Here is my baggage. Would you have the kindness to examine it now? I desire to go up into the town and inspect before the next train comes along.' The custom house official, barely glancing at me, replied: 'You will then have to wait your turn,' and then turned and went on examining some other baggage. Meanwhile I had been looking closely at the man's face. I waited a moment and then said: 'Didn't you once belong to the 69th New York regiment?' He started and answered swiftly: 'I did.' Then I continued: 'And isn't your name Sheridan?' He seemed overwhelmed with surprise. 'Bedad, it is,' he said, and looked at me eagerly. 'I remember once being present at the presentation of some flags to that regiment, I said slowly. He looked me directly in the face and then burst out: 'Why, it is the Bald Aigle himself! Here, boys,'—turning to his aids—'take hold of these packages at once and rush their examination.' In five minutes all of my baggage had been examined and passed, and then the custom house officer and myself had an experience meeting about New York state affairs. Somewhere between 1860 and 1870 I had made a speech presenting a set of colors to the 69th Regiment, and I remembered the man's face."—*Albany Correspondent N. Y. Tribune.*

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Give the Boys a Chance.

We can conceive of no good reason why any of our American boys should be denied the privilege of learning the trades by which their fathers and older brothers are earning their living, unless it be a good reason to insist that our American boys should be "kept out in the cold" and be forced into a manhood of idleness, pauperism and crime, merely for the sake of providing or keeping open places in our shops and factories for hordes of freshly-arriving European immigrants, who have already become in our labor market a handsome superfluity. Shall Young America be thus tyrannically handicapped in his ambition for future usefulness by being refused an equal chance with the incoming stranger and alien immigrant in any sphere or field of remunerative industry?—*Chicago Journal.*

Not Laid at the Door of Providence.

Gen. George A. Sheridan relates this story, which he picked up in New Orleans: A delegation of citizens of that place visited President Lincoln to beg him to remove Gen. Butler from command there. The President listened while they presented their thousand and one grievances, and then said: "Well, gentlemen, much as you dislike Gen. Butler, he has at least done one good thing for you, for by his wise sanitary regulations he has kept the Yellow fever out." One of the delegates, a creole, skipped before the President and replied excitedly, "Pardon, Mistah President, pardon; it was not Butler vat keep ze feyaire away from ze city; it was God. He still have a little mercy for our poor people. He do not send Ben Butler and ze Yellow feyaire ze same season; no sare." The President laughed heartily, but all the same Gen. Butler was kept in command.

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Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC—how known all over the world. J. S. Sr. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, was attacked several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of

LEPROSY

and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, massed flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities. Her fingers festered and three or four nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful ulceration, and for several years she did not leave her bed. Her

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THE SALOON MUST GO.

Two centuries ago Lord BACON expressed the opinion that "not one man in a thousand dies a natural death; and most diseases have their rise from intemperance." And a later writer expresses a truth in sociology when he remarks, "If alcohol were unknown, half the sin and three-fourths of the poverty and unhappiness would disappear from the world." Yet it is not so much the appalling evils which come upon the drinker himself through his indulgence, as it is those which fall upon our social system through the open saloon, which compels men to be drunkards, to which the attention of the people should be directed. Every beer saloon is a primary school in intemperance; every gilded drinking-hell is an academy wherein men graduate in this vice. As an instrument of evil, the saloon is the most potent in our modern civilization.

Canon FARRAR, speaking of the saloon system in England, declared that "it is a malady of which, except it be checked, our institutions will perish, and religion and civilization will perish with them." These words are just as true of America as they are of England. And this statement is not the idle utterance of an alarmist. It is an opinion that is gaining ground among the educated and thinking class that a grave danger is impending from a deadly parasite which has fastened itself upon our civilization, and threatens to destroy it. That dangerous parasite is the saloon. It is true that every race of mankind has its besetting sin; and the especial sin of the men of the Anglo-Saxon race is that of intemperance. The lesson of history is, that every great civilization the world has yet known has perished because of some vice, which grew to such giant proportions as to paralyze the energies of the people. The danger to the civilization of the nineteenth century in America is from drunkenness. And the saloon is but the organized means of fostering this curse and bringing men under its domination.

In considering this question, it naturally separates itself into two parts. The first is, the liquor appetite and habit of intemperance in the individual; second, the liquor traffic—an occupation which has for its sole end and aim the catering to this vice in those already its victims, and in bringing others under its domination. We contend that this one fact—that the saloon has no reason for its existence, except that it may act as a panderer to the depraved appetites of those who have already contracted the drink habit, and, still worse, actively pursue the infamous trade of procuring for the Rum Devil—of industriously adding to the number of his victims—is ample reason for putting it under the ban of the law, and crushing it out with the strong hand. There is no more reason why the traffic in Rum should be allowed to exist in a civilized community than that the traffic in female innocence and purity should be allowed to exist. The general object of both is the same—to pander to a vice and secure fresh victims for its votaries. Yet one is a crime against the law, while the other pursues its deadly mission unchecked on every street in our cities. The Rum traffic is not only a deadly evil, but it has become insolent and tyrannical. The Rum Power is grasping at nothing less than the complete control of the nation.

The insolent attitude of the Rum Power, added to the humiliation of having the state and nation practically subservient to its behests, is constantly adding to the number of those who believe that there is but one remedy to be sound, and that is the complete extermination of the traffic through Prohibition. There are thousands of men who have not yet advanced to the point of agreeing with the convictions of Prohibitionists who, nevertheless, are willing to join with the in the effort to reach Prohibition in order that the Rum Power may be overthrown. The crusade against the saloon is now in progress all over the country. Each year it gathers force, and the movement only suffers defeat in any one place to gather its hosts for a more determined attack upon the citadel of Rum.

The Rum Power itself has taken the alarm. It is raising money to defeat the constitutional amendments about to be voted upon by the people of Tennessee and Texas. It is no longer so much a war upon Rum as it is upon the Rum Power. It is not so much an effort to destroy intemperance directly, as it is to crush out the saloon. The fact is realized that when a man once becomes a confirmed drinker there is nothing, unless we except a direct interposition of Divine Providence, that will save him. And the effort is now being directed against the system which is corrupting our youth and raising a fresh army to fill the rapidly-depleting ranks of the immense host of drunkards—adding daily recruits to take the places of the 70,000 men who go down to the grave every year through Rum. The effort now is not to save the present crop of drunkards, but to prevent the sowing of the seed which shall produce the drunkards of the next generation.

It is plain to every intelligent man that the saloon must go. The infernal trade which has for its sole object the ruining of mankind is doomed. When the end shall be reached is uncertain, but each successive year will see new territory rescued from the grasp of the Rum Power until the entire nation is redeemed from its thraldom. In place of following one point of attack, the enemy will be assaulted at all points, and with the most available weapon at every point. It is regulation and taxation in states wherein public sentiment is so divided in opinion that absolute Prohibition is ineffective. It is local option in some localities, state prohibition in others; but it is an offensive movement everywhere. It is no longer the defense of the individual or the home at one single point against the aggressive insolence of the Rum Power. It is carrying the war into the enemy's country and wresting from him territory which he has believed to be entirely his own. It is the battle of law, order and morality against drunkenness and all the unnameable vices of which Rum is the fruitful parent. It is no longer a mere paper campaign. The voices of the few pioneers of Prohibition who went about, like John the Baptist in the wilderness, preaching the acceptable year of the Lord, has become great as the voice of many waters. Every pulpit thunders its denunciations of the saloon and the infernal Rum traffic. The Archimedean lever which moves the world—the press—is taking up the battle. In fact, it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that many of the leading papers of the country are shouting the battle cry, "The saloon must go." On every side the work is being prosecuted steadily and earnestly. Defeat to-day does not scatter the hosts in array against Rum, but they gather again in increased force and with renewed courage prepare for a second and more vigorous assault to-morrow. The saloon must go, and in its fall the nation will

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE ROUVIER CABINET.

The new French ministry is distinctly and decidedly a peace cabinet. As long as it is permitted to stand, there will be no danger of war with Germany; but we fear that the Rouvier ministry will have but a short lease of power. The expenditures of the last cabinet were much larger than the governmental revenue, and it was on the issue of economy that the Goblet ministry went down. But these enormous expenditures were demanded by and granted to the minister of War, Gen. BOULANGER, for maintaining and perfecting France's military system. BOULANGER is the head and front of the party of revenge. His policy and that of his faction is, to make an army so formidable than when the inevitable trial of strength comes with Germany, France will be able to defeat her enemy and recapture the two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. The people of the cities of France, notably of Paris, are in favor of such a scheme. In view of this it seems impossible that the present ministry can last very long; and when it does fall, we may be sure that the "party of revenge" will take a stronger hold than ever upon the government and the people.

It may be of political interest to know what proportion of the voting population is engaged in occupations which would lead them, through the influence of the Knights of Labor, to support the new labor party. The Illinois state bureau of Labor Statistics, in its recent annual report, gives 364 organizations of workingmen within that state, whose total membership is 104,365. The population of the state was over 3,000,000 in 1880, and numbers not less than 3,750,000 at the present time. The total vote of the state last year was 537,320. Hence, it will be seen that if every member of these organizations is a voter, they have so far but a little over one-fifth of the entire vote of the state within their ranks.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the Prohibition battle in Texas—and it looks very much to us at this distance as though the movement would carry—a new liquor law goes into effect in that state on July 4. This act forbids of a screen or any other arrangement preventing the whole interior of the saloon from being visible from the front, and prohibits pool-tables or any other devices used for games of chance in such places; the selling of liquor is forbidden to minors, students and habitual drunkards, and to one whose wife, mother, daughter or sister formally notifies the dealer not to do so. Every saloonist is under $5,000 bonds that he will strictly comply with the law.

THE Cincinnati *Times-Star* has the following clever pen-picture of the political situation in New York:

> The political field in New York presents much the same features that were conspicuous in Ohio two years ago. This is the case as far as the position of the two parties and the main issue dividing them are concerned. "On one side," says the *Tribune*, "are the Republicans, backed by the moral sentiment of the state. On the other side are the Democrats, backed by the rum power." People cross fences in the interest of the Democracy, Ohio was carried triumphantly by the Republicans, and we have had wise legislation to regulate the liquor traffic. New York is working up to that. The state this fall will be overcome by Democratic subservience to the basest political and social element. A governor who truckles to this class will, unfortunately, stand in the way of reform till the beginning of 1889.

THE state campaign in Kentucky promises to prove a most interesting one. The Prohibition question has become a burning issue among the Kentuckians, and it is freely asserted that the total vote cast at state election will not be less than 75,000 for the third party ticket, of which at least 50,000 will be taken from the Democratic ranks. There is also a strong but quiet feeling of dissatisfaction among the Democrats themselves over BUCKNER's nomination; and it is believed that he will run 10,000 votes behind his ticket on this account alone. If these things be true, the prospect is good for a Republican victory.

THE internal dissensions in the ranks of the Knights of Labor in New York city are having a ruinous effect upon the order. The New York *Sun* publishes statistics which show that, from July 1 last to April 1, the assemblies in that city lost 42,076 members. This vast number of workingmen have abandoned the order simply because they disapproved of the reckless policy of Assembly No. 49, they preferring to leave the order rather than to submit.

OUR new minister to Turkey, Mr STRAUSS, is the head of a crockery importing firm which has been convicted of 618 cases of undervaluation on imported goods within the past year. STRAUSS should have been prosecuted for violation of the revenue laws rather than sent as our representative to Turkey. The present administration must be hard run for appointees when it is obliged to use lawbreakers as our foreign ministers.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is very hopeful of a Republican victory in one or more of the Southern states next year. It expresses a decided belief that the white Republicans are becoming numerous enough in some of these states to make bulldozing, ballot-box stuffing and false counting, the methods by which the South is kept solid for the Democracy, decidedly unpleasant and unprofitable hereafter.

EDWARD T. CURTIS has been chosen to the office of chief of state police of Rhode Island. This fact would hardly be worth chronicling if it were not announced that Mr. CURTIS belongs to an unknown political species, viz: the Democratic Prohibitionists. It now remains to be seen what he will do regarding the enforcement of the Prohibitory amendment in that state.

THE *Western Christian Advocate*, of Cincinnati, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal church in the Ohio Valley, expresses a sentiment in which the BLADE cordially concurs as follows:

> License does not prohibit, but high license means a growth of hatred toward the saloon. We do not believe in license, high or low, but the increasing condemnation of the saloon makes us as happy as a bird.

THE distillers have finally given up the battle against the Prohibitory law in Iowa. The last distillery within the state is preparing to close forever. It does really seem as though Prohibition does prohibit, in spite of the violent assertions of the Rum Power to the contrary.

O'BRIEN'S ARRAIGNMENT OF LANSDOWNE.

It may be interesting to the readers of the BLADE to note in detail the charges against Lord LANSDOWNE, the governor general of Canada, which were brought by Mr. O'BRIEN, the editor of the Dublin *United Ireland*, now making a tour of Canada for the purpose of arousing the people of that portion of the British empire to a realization of the wrongs suffered by their fellow-subjects of the Green Isle.

The estates belonging to the Lansdowne family are located in county Kerry, and are among the largest held by alien landholders in Ireland. The Lansdowne family bears the reputation of being one of the most exacting in regard to its tenants in Ireland. Their contracts are rigorously drawn and enforced to the letter upon their estates.

There has been very little attention paid to the recommendation of the government commission regarding the lowering of rents. On the contrary, the agent of Lord LANSDOWNE is accused of raising the rents of the tenants upon the slightest pretext. It is reported that if the tenant's wife or children appear in public showing any improvement in dress, this is accepted as testimony that the tenant is growing forehanded, and his rent is raised. The object is to screw as much profit as possible out of the land; and for the tenant to show even the slightest evidence of prosperity is the signal for an increase in his rental.

The agents are also accused of having interfered in the domestic affairs of the tenantry. The policy on the Lansdowne estates has been to discourage marriage, upon the grounds that it increases the population—and a farmer with children is not so well able to pay a good rent as one without, as it costs him more to live; the farms are cut up into smaller holdings to accommodate the new families, and this makes the work of superintending the estates more complicated and costly, and hence decreases the net profits of the LANSDOWNES. The tenants were also forbidden to give shelter to their indigent relatives or friends, because this would increase the number of those likely to become a charge upon the parish, and this in turn would increase the poor rates paid by the landholder.

The recent evictions upon the Luggacurran estate, of which Mr. O'BRIEN talks so freely, seemed to have been conducted with the most heartless cruelty. The order of eviction was carried out in every instance without the slightest regard to humanity. The sick, the helpless, mothers and their young children, were driven mercilessly forth upon the roadside, and everything belonging to the tenant thrown out without consideration. It is said that even food cooking before the fire has been thrown out of doors, and milk emptied from the pans. In point of fact, Lord LANSDOWNE, through his agents, seems to have treated his tenants as the more cruel slave holders of the ante-bellum times treated their slaves. The are considered only as so many human machines for cultivating the soil and enhancing the profits of the proprietor.

The present Lord LANSDOWNE seems to have followed in the footsteps of his predecessors. The family is called "the Lansdowne leeches" among Irish people, and the county in which their estates are situated is referred to as "Lansdowne-ridden Kerry." The accounts given of the treatment of their tenants, of which we above give but the briefest summary, certainly justifies the warfare against Irish landlordism. The statute that makes it possible that such abuses should take place is a radically wrong one. The Tories of Great Britain may fight against it, but there is no doubt that England will at las be compelled to see that justice is done to long-suffering Ireland.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THE AUSTRO-RUSSIAN SECRET TREATY.

BISMARCK has admitted, through the German official press, the truth of the recently published statement that a secret treaty was made between Russia and Austria on January 15, 1877. The existence of such a treaty has been contradicted by both governments, but BISMARCK's disclosure renders it certain that there was such a compact, and that the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was its outcome. At the close of the war which followed, the Congress of Berlin was summoned by Germany, but she took this step at the request of Count SHOUVALOFF, the Russian minister, and it was not called until after it became known that all the Europeans would send representatives to such a Congress. BISMARCK's avowal of these facts is made in order to emphatically deny that Germany was in any wise responsible for the Berlin Congress, or for the cession of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria.

The chief effect of this revelation in Europe will be upon the people of the Austro-Hungarian empire itself. The government of that country is placed in an extremely awkward predicament as respects the Hungarians, who were almost in revolt upon the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, even when it was supposed that this was the direct result of negotiations carried on during the congress of Berlin. It is not difficult to imagine the fury that will follow on the part of the Hungarian people when they find out that those two provinces were gained as the result of the secret treaty with Russia, that were accepted as a bribe for Austria to remain neutral during the war, and that the congress of Berlin was but a diplomatic recourse to cover the bargain. It will certainly make it interesting for the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, who will have to reconcile the two opposing nationalities, and for the Hungarian Premier, who has to govern by the aid of a majority whose most dominant political feeling is an intense hatred of everything Russian.

A WASHINGTON dispatch to a Philadelphia paper says the administration is stirred up on the tariff question. Secretary FAIRCHILD is said to be seriously contemplating a movement to concentrate Democrats in the House and Senate upon a measure of tariff reduction. It is proposed to have a consultation between Messrs. RANDALL and CARLISLE with a view to obtaining concessions from each, and if a bill satisfactory to both sides cannot be evolved, then Secretary FAIRCHILD, with the President's approval, will prepare a bill which will strike between the conflicting interests. We can safely predict that it will fail. Compromises on principle are never satisfactory, and we are certain that the protectionists in Congress will never assent to such a scheme. The tariff may need revision, but it must be done by the friends of the protective principle, not by its enemies. Again, the thing to do is to pay the debt, not deprive ourselves of the means to do it, and perpetuate the interest burden forever.

HON. WM. A. WHEELER, Vice President of the United States from 1877 to 1881, died at his home at Malone, N. Y., this morning.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN is the only surviving ex-Vice President in the United States, and there is no Vice President.

SHERMAN'S PLATFORM.

Senator SHERMAN's Springfield speech was a splendid effort. Probably that portion of the most interest to the Republican party was his discussion of the present and future attitude of the party, and the platform he laid down, covering the ground which, in his opinion, the Republican party of the nation should take. This may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The fostering of American commerce; that the people and the government shall use all possible means to restore to our commerce the carrying trade of the world.

2. That we shall adhere strictly to the policy carried out by the Republican party since 1861, of protecting American industries.

3. That the working class should be encouraged, protected and assisted by all reasonable legislation in every effort to advance its condition.

4. The extension and improvement of all lines of communication which will yield benefits equal to the cost.

5. The securing of absolutely equal enjoyment to all of our population of every civil and political right guaranteed by the constitution.

6. That the freedom of the ballot should be enforced in all the states wherein any method is used to control, intimidate, or otherwise unlawfully influence voters; and that Congress should act vigorously in such cases, and exercise its constitutional power to regulate the times, places and manner of holding congressional elections.

7. For a strong, self-respecting, yet friendly foreign policy, which, while protecting every American citizen, in whatever quarter of the globe he may be, will still always endeavor to maintain honorable, cordial and friendly intercourse with all foreign powers.

There is not one of the above propositions that does not commend itself to the honesty and patriotism of every true and self-respecting American. There is nothing unjust, inequitable or sectional in any of them.

THE SURPLUS.

The treasury surplus has grown enormously since our Democratic friends have been in power. The most potent Bourbon cry in the campaign of 1884 in the West was for its reduction. The credulous people were told that as soon as the Democracy came into power the doors of the treasury should be unlocked and these accumulated millions be poured into the channels of trade. They did not stop to explain how this was to be done in the face of the constitutional provision that no money shall be paid out of the treasury except in pursuance of appropriations made by Congress. But there were thousands of gullible Democrats who expected there would be a grand divide made after CLEVELAND's inauguration, and that each man, woman and child in the country would receive something like $8 in cool cash. The surplus now is much larger than it was then. There is in the treasury at the present time about $104,000,000. Why has not some plan been elaborated for obviating this state of things? Simply because the Democrats in Congress are without a financial policy. CLEVELAND and the free traders in Congress are responsible for the piling up of the money. The President refused to sign the river and harbor bill, which would have expended something over a dozen millions of the surplus in proper and necessary improvements. He made a demagogue's plea for economy when there was no economy necessary. It is the surest economy to improve our waterways and to keep the money in circulation. Then Mr. CLEVELAND did what he could to aid those enemies of American labor, MORRISON and CARLISLE, in passing a free trade scheme under the guise of a bill for revenue reduction. When this scheme failed in Congress, our bull-necked chief executive did what he could to aid the free trade sharps in opposing RANDALL. If there is one person more responsible than another for this surplus it is GROVER CLEVELAND.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THERE seems no doubt that the physical condition of the German Crown Prince is extremely critical. An examination by microscope of the diseased portion of his throat has been made, and while there is no cancerous tissue present, the fear is expressed that the trouble may result in the development of that disease. There is great public interest felt in the matter because Emperor WILLIAM can not live many years longer, and it is an interesting question as to what will be the policy of the government under his successor. The Crown Prince is not friendly to BISMARCK, but it is generally believed in Berlin that should he succeed to the throne he would retain BISMARCK in his present place and follow his policy. But his son, the next heir to the throne, Prince WILLIAM, is quite a different sort of man. Should the Crown Prince die and he succeed to the empire, BISMARCK would certainly be retired. Hence, it is easy to understand that the illness of the Crown Prince is either cause for anxiety or of hope at every European capital.

THE island of Cyprus has been ceded to England by the Sultan. This is probably a set-off to the provision of the treaty with Turkey, which limits a British occupation of Egypt to three years, with the privilege of returning should an emergency arise. This gives England a permanent foothold at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, off the coast of Asia Minor, whence she will be enabled to watch Russia and her stealthy march toward the Bosphorus. The time is not far distant when the dominion of the "unspeakable Turk" in Europe will come to an end. And when that time arrives, England will be in a better position to interfere, if need be, against Russia's schemes than before.

SOME of our contemporaries are calling a halt in the matter of speculation in real estate. They quote history in support of their warning. They remind us that the speculation in land of 1836 immediately preceded the crash of 1837; that the panic of 1857 was caused by wild real estate speculation in the two preceding years; express the fear that the present era of speculation will result in a similar crash.

THE death of BEECHER has largely increased the audiences of the Brooklyn Tabernacle to hear the sermons of Dr. TALMAGE, who is now probably the most popular pulpit orator in America. So great is the crush of auditors at the Tabernacle that a wing is being built to increase the seating capacity.

HILL, the demagogic governor of New York, has vetoed the Vedder high license bill. HILL has the Presidential bee in his bonnet, and knows that the saloon is the foster-mother of the Bourbon party.

WE will have to correct our school geographies again. The highest mountain in the world is said to be Mount Hercules, in the island of New Guinea, soaring to the altitude of 32,786 feet.

CHANGES IN ARMY TACTICS.

The discussion over the national drill awards at Washington has brought forward prominently the fact that the military tactics, which have been in use for the past twenty years or more, have become obsolete and need changing. As is well known, the gallant and talented Gen. UPTON was the author of the present tactics. He became demented and committed suicide because he was not able to make them answer all the requirements of division drill. But the plain fact of the matter is, that the introduction of the Gatling and other machine guns, and the modern arms of precision, have made necessary such great changes in military tactics that the present code is antiquated. Our soldiers are slowly and painfully taught to execute movements which are absolutely useless for field service in the warfare of the future.

It is a maxim laid down by Gen WOLSELEY, who is the best military authority in England, that it is dangerous as well as useless ever to teach a soldier anything which he is not likely to practice during a war. The tendency of the present—and in fact always in a piping time of peace—is to sacrifice a knowledge of the absolute requirements of actual war for the benefit of movements which are of no value save for show on parade and review. It is well enough that some attention should be giv en to these latter points, yet by far the most important drill is that which regards the company as being on the eve of actual conflict. The one idea present in the minds of officers and men during the drill should be that the enemy is already in front, or liable to appear at any moment.

Since the Franco-Prussian war, the German army has been constantly eliminating all useless and intricate details of drill. The supreme end at which the German drill-master aims is to make every soldier an intelligent machine, understanding thoroughly the principles of all essential movements, and ready to co-operate, in the most effective way, at an instant's notice. A soldier is drilled, and drilled effectively, in those things that will make him most useful in the field in the presence of an actual enemy. Maneuvers and formations which are merely intended for show are rigidly excluded, and discipline is maintained as severely as possible. The result is, that the German army stands admittedly first in the world as regards effectiveness. To give an example of the simplicity yet effectiveness of the German drill, we take the following: A German infantry company is standing "in place, rest." The orders are "Attention! forward, march!" At the command "march," every rifle is brought to the right shoulder and the company moves off. In the present tactics of the United States, two intervening orders are required to accomplish the same result. Except for the purposes of drill in camp, the double rank formation is no longer used.

It is impossible that there shall be such a thing as fixed tactics while the inventive skill of the civilized world is devoted to devising improvements in arms and ammunition, so as to still further increase their destructive power. The new methods of wholesale slaughter are absolutely compelling an abandonment of the old fashioned tactics. The machine gun and the repeating rifle have already rendered the old line of battle an absurdity; to use it would be simply to marshal your men in the best form possible for the enemy's killing-machines to mow them down with the greatest rapidity. The new attacking line is composed of scattered groups of skirmishers, a hundred yards or more apart, advancing alternately in echelon, carefully studying the ground, always aiming to expose as few men as possible to the deadly fire of the enemy, and darting like quail from cover to cover. The individual soldier needs now to be much more intelligent than he did under the old plan of marching in line, elbow to elbow, directly up to the enemy. In point of fact, the free and easy tactics of some of our Western soldiers with the armies of the Tennessee and the Cumberland, more nearly approach the latest modern idea than anything put in practice during the civil war. The West Point fellows who came West were amazed at the individual independence of the Western boys in action, and could not understand how, with such tactics, they had such tremendous fighting power. Had their eyes not been blinded with red tape, they would have seen in the co-ordination of West Point tactics and campaigning with continual defeat under MCCLELLAN, the reason for the success in arms of our Western heroes.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

GEN. BOYNTON denounces the management of the so-called National drill at Washington, in very strong terms. He is especially severe upon the failure to rebuke the Vicksburg and Memphis companies, which left the line during review because colored troops were included. Their conduct was not only ungentlemanly, but absolutely indecent. Not only did they leave the line, but they marched parallel with the column at some distance; their band playing "Dixie;" they then paraded around the city and marched back to camp, their band playing the same music. On Sunday this performance was repeated. Not only were they not rebuked, but on Decoration Day, when the troops in camp acted as escort to the Grand Army posts, these two companies of ill-mannered brutes were given the honor of leading the line. The question arises, why did Major General AUGUR, of the United States army, who was in command, permit this extraordinary sort of performance?

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, during his recent visit to Chicago, was very frank in his utterances regarding the next Presidential contest. He thinks that the two facters which will deter mine it are the labor question and the Irish vote—especially if the labor leaders put up a separate ticket. In that case there will be an unknown quantity in every state, and the conclusions of politicians will be completely unset. Aside from these two points, he considers the tariff question the leading issue between the two parties. Mr. DEPEW is also inclined to think that the liquor question will play an important part in the next campaign.

THE anti-saloon movement in the Republican ranks in the East is making strong headway. The opinion is expressed by Republican papers in that section that this movement will appear at the next national Republican convention with a considerable following, and that it will probably secure recognition in the platform.

DRESS REFORM.

It seems to us if there is ever to be any real reform in the imperfect dress of the female portion of creation, it must be through some such plan as that which is now boldly advocated by ANNIE JENNESS MILLER, who is that paradoxical person, a popular reformer. There is one thing that can be said of the style of dress which she advocates which can not be said of any of the multitudinous plans of crank reformers—and that is, that it is beautiful, and furthermore, that only the initiated can tell that a woman wearing it has not the usual interior harness of corset and hip-suspended clothing. She has started a magazine to advocate her especial style of dress, as she declares that there is, outside of the cranks and advocates of men's clothing for women, a very large constituency, composed of intellectual and highly cultivated people, who are greatly interested in dress reform. They desire to secure for themselves and their growing daughters a system of clothing that will give all desirable freedom of movement and at the same time beauty of form and feature. She declares frankly that her magazine is intended for this class and for none other. The first number of this periodical contains an article by OLIVE LOGAN, from which we make the following characteristic extract:

> American women for generations have been conforming to a mode of dress which has had its result the perpetuation in the race of those diseases and ailings which are known and suffered from one end of this broad land to its opposite extremity. Headache, nervousness, dyspepsia—nay, I must halt at the outset of the lugubrious list, for space lacks in which to catalogue merely their names, much less their painful peculiarities. But every one knows the appearance of the pale mother with her puny babe, born after prolonged throes, of which the Indian squaw is as ignorant as she is of the corset-torture of civilized life. Can it be possible that the boon of hygienic dress is at last really vouchsafed us? That sensible attire will be now the only wear? There would seem to believe that such is indeed the case. On both sides of the ocean there is a widespread uprising against the tyrannies of the costume whose exactions have been the main cause of the constitutional disturbances of women of fashion, and necessarily of their offspring, male and female.
>
> Free from the corset! Does it not make the blood leap merrily through the veins merely to utter the words? And free from it, mark you, not only in the privacy of one's bed or dressing-room, but also relieved of its hateful pressure when equipped for the promenade, or dressed for the drawing-room! Let it once be thoroughly understood that to wear one's natural waist is the highest fashion, and the venomous stay-lace will lose its hold on its last half-stifled victim.

MANNING'S SILVER PLAN.

A movement is on foot, originated by Mr. MANNING, to make New York city the central silver market of the world. The new bank with which he is connected proposes this plan, with the intent that the United States shall control the price of silver bullion for the world. The plan is to have silver bullion sold on the New York stock exchange, the metal being represented by certificates issued by the bank wherein it will be stored, the same as is done with grain certificates, representing wheat or corn stored in elevators. The main object is to transfer the silver market from London, where it now is, to this country, which is the largest producer of silver. The plan of using the certificates will obviate the necessity of handling the bullion. It is, of course, the intention to improve the silver market and enhance the price if possible. There will be no effect upon general business of the country, as it will be impossible to change the price, either upward or downward, sufficiently to disturb our monetary system.

It is a fact that the price of silver corresponds in a general way with the production, the same as do the prices of wheat and other products. The increase of its prodnction in the United States has been very large. Since 1872, the annual product has increased 150 per cent. The average price of silver during the month of May, this year has been about three pence per ounce more than the average for August, 1886, which was the lowest ever recorded. There has been a strong downward tendency for silver ever since 1872, save for a slight advance in 1877, just before the resumption of specie payment. Since the latter date it has rapidly declined, simply because the annual product is an excess of the annual consumption for coinage and in the arts. It is a fact, too, which must be taken into consideration by all conservative men, that its use both for money and the arts has declined. Hence, it will be seen that the prospect of making any decided advance in price is not flattering.

THE world do move, as Brer JASPER says of the sun. We are impelled to this remark by noticing that a member of the British House of Commons actually rose, the other night, and made a suggestion that the time has come when a decimal coinage should be introduced into Great Britain in place of the present complicated system of pounds, shillings and pence. He gave sufficient reason, which is, that every country of any commercial importance in the world has adopted the decimal system; and if it should go into effect in Great Britain its first result for good would be the saving of six months' work in the education of every child. Of course that intense British conservatism, which is so marked a characteristic of our insular cousins, extinguished the gentleman under a mass of so-called objections. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, for the time being, represented the national inertia, said that the question was an "exceedingly complicated" one, notwithstanding the patent fact that it is the simplifying of a burdensome complication; he spoke about the "disturbance of public feeling" and the "damage to trade," and a number of other matters which were simply a parliamentary way of obstructing a needed reform through red tape. Reforms come slow in a country which has not yet adopted the American system of baggage-checks on railroads; but we still have hope that the decimal coinage, baggage-checks and other conveniences of civilization will yet be adopted by our slow-going friends on the other side.

SENATOR PLATT says that the Raw reservation in the Indian territory, 120,000 acres of as fine land as can be found in the West, is the property of 197 individuals, counting women and children, all worthless beggars. That is a little over six hundred acres of land apiece. If the senator had gone to California he would have found larger tracts of land than this in the possession of one man, and immense acres owned by companies like the Southern Pacific railway. He would have found, in fact, a magnificent territory owned by a few people. He would have seen ranches of 30,000 and 60,000 acres, part of the area used in orchards and vineyards, but great bodies of it used for gazing, and held so high that people of ordinary means who want to settle there, cannot afford to buy, for they could not live on the land at the price they must pay to get it.

JUPITER PLUVIUS is overdoing the water supply over this region of country. Not only are the rains too frequent, but they are more in the nature of cloud-bursts than rainfall. Yet the old English weather adage says:

> A dry May and a leaking June
> Make the farmer whistle a merry tune.

May was certainly dry, and June, so far, has been more than leaking. The whole bottom falls out of the aerial water-tub at frequent intervals.

THERE is much interest being taken in New Hampshire over the approaching election for United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator PIKE, now temporarily filled by ex-Governor CHANEY. The two leading candidates are Hon. W. E. CHANDLER and ex-Senator ROLLINS, with the chances in favor of CHANDLER.

WHO'S YOUR CHOICE?

WHO IS YOUR CHOICE FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE?

Every Republican Voter is Requested to Send Us a Postal Card Vote.

We ask every reader of the BLADE to take the trouble to send us his views on the Republican Presidential nominee in 1888. Take a postal card and answer upon it the following questions. Use only the numbers in answering:

1. Who is your first choice for Republican Presidential candidate in 1888?
2. Who is your second choice?
3. Who is your choice for Vice President?

Sign your name, with your postoffice address, and put *nothing else* upon the card. Address it simply: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Here is a model card as to style—of course you will put in whatever names suit you:

> COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 24.
>
> 1. Blaine.
> 2. Sherman.
> 3. Depew.
>
> JOHN SMITH.

We wish every voter who reads the BLADE to have the kindness to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country, the BLADE having readers in every state and territory in the Union.

Some of our friends favor us with long letters. We have not room to publish them, and infinitely prefer a postal card, with nothing on it but the answers to the three questions, your name and address. Don't forget the *state*, as we are tabulating the returns by states. We have had to throw away a number, because no state was given. Here is the model card:

> COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 24.
>
> 1. Blaine.
> 2. Sherman.
> 3. Depew.
>
> JOHN SMITH.

That embraces everything that is needed, and nothing more. Get yours up on that model, and let us have them *at once*.

COLLEGE STUDENTS UPON THE TARIFF.

The American Protective Tariff League recently offered $100 in cash prizes for the three best essays by college students on "The Advantages of a Protective Tariff to the Labor and Industries of the United States." The call brought out so large a number of responses that it has been decided to award a number of discretionary prizes in recognition of high merit. The medal which will be given for this purpose is of sterling silver, three inches in weight, and is in every respect a fitting recognition of the intelligence and energy of the young men who undertook the work of preparing essays, in addition to the many other demands on the closing months of their college life. The obverse of the medal has an eagle, with the legend "American Protective Tariff League." The reverse has a blank for the insertion of the name of the person to whom given, around which are four small medallions with the symbols of various industries. The eagle on the obverse is of striking design, suggested by the following extract from MILTON's political writings:

> Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

The League has received essays in this competition from colleges in over half the states in the Union, which is a most gratifying showing when it is to be remembered that a large majority of professors of political economy in our colleges are free-traders. Not being practical men they are led astray by a plausible theory. The prizes will be awarded on June 15, by the committee having the matter in charge.

IMMIGRANTS NOT FARMERS.

The fact has been brought forward from an examination of the immigration returns, that the foreigners coming to our shores are not farmers, nor do they come here to acquire land. There has never been a better time and opportunity for the acquisition of land than within the past score o years under the operation of our homestead and pre-emption laws. Yet the number of farmers who come from foreign countries to the United states is astonishingly few. We give the percentage of farmers among foreign immigrants since 1820.

1820-1830	18.5
1831-1840	13.0
1841-1850	14.5
1851-1860	14.0
1861-1868	11.9
1873-1883	8.5

This is a most remarkable showing. The men who come to America fill our cities in place of becoming land-owners and farmers. New York contains a very large majority of foreign-born citizens, and Chicago and other cities are not far behind it. Then there is a change in the character of our immigration; we are getting more of the illiterate, ignorant and pauper classes, and fewer of the educated and well-to-do. This is a matter that requires the earnest attention of every American citizen. It is not a political question; for we suppose it will be admitted that both Democrats and Republicans desire the perpetuity of the republic, and object to the acquisition of any class of foreign-born citizens which is a decided detriment to the nation.

THE color line has come up before the inter-state commerce commission in two cases. The first was the complaint of W. H. COUNCIL, a

GETTING A LIVING.

Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, the economic writer, in a recent article discusses the problem as to how mankind makes a living. He enumerate four elements in the problem—time, food, clothing and shelter. Of these, there is but one which all men possess in common—time. Each one has twenty-four hours in a day. The first thing to which a man must devote his time is to obtain sufficient food to sustain life and maintain bodily strength. An ordinary man must have from three to five pounds of solid and liquid food every day. He who is occupied at severe manual labor needs a little more than he who works only with his brain, or at occupation which requires but little physical exercise. The food necessary to maintain existence cannot vary much in quantity, though it may differ very much in quality. We all share alike as to time; of food we must all share about alike as to quantity; but when we come to clothing and shelter, we differ very widely. One man has a mansion, another a hut; one man has many suits of clothing, another has barely enough rags to cover his body.

The entire labor question, according to Mr. ATKINSON, is simply, then, how does one man get more than another? There are only two ways of doing it—either to earn it or to steal it. A look around among the people of the country will convince one that most of us earn what we get, and that there are comparatively few who steal. But there is a wide difference of opinion on this point. There are some people who call themselves the friends of the laboring man who declare boldly that almost all employers steal from their employes. There is another class of so-called "reformers," who say that those who own land are all thieves. There are some political leaders who say that the railroad companies are the big thieves in this country. Others, that the manufacturers are thieves, and so on. Having reached this point, Mr. ATKINSON proceeds to discuss the origin of property, in his own quaint and inimitable style. We cannot do justice to his effort by a mere summary, and hence present that portion of the article in full. We submit it to our readers, with the request that they peruse it carefully. They will find many things therein worthy of their closest attention:

Suppose I own a large piece of land, several houses, a factory, a lot of tools, a piece of railroad, and plenty of cattle; am I a thief? The law protects my property. If a tramp comes along who takes any of it, the constable takes him, and the court puts him in jail. Is the law a thief? The tramp says *yes; he* says, "I have a right to live on the earth; nobody asked me to come here, and I didn't ask to come, but here I am, and I have a right to stay. I have no right to kill myself, and you have no right to kill me. While I stay I must have food—three or four pounds a day. I need as much as you. I must have some shelter."

"Yes," says the law, "you shall have all these, and the law shall tax the land, the houses, the railroads, and all the property in the country, in order to give them to you—in *cash*, if you steal; *in an almshouse*, if you are a pauper—but unless you do some work by which to earn your food, clothing and shelter, you shall only have them in jail or in an almshouse—that is not outside." Is the law, then, a thief when it protects one man in the possession of land, houses and railroads, and says the next man shall have to work hard hands, or starve, for them, unless in a jail or in an almshouse?

Once all men were tramps. The Indians used to own all the land in common. They didn't sow much, and they didn't reap much. They lived on game, fish and clams; but there was land enough to go around, and then one said to the others: "I have as good a right as you to what there is," and he tried to grab it. The other Indians killed him. Then there was a big fight. The white men who were our grandfathers lived in that same way in Europe; but that way didn't work well, and the white men gave it up before the Indians, who haven't given it up yet.

What did they do next? They saw that all their food came out of the land, and if they did not fence in the land somewhere and plant it, there would not be enough food to go round. Game was getting scarce. So they ran a fence fenced in a piece and said to the rest, "This is ours." Nobody objected just then, because there was more land than folks. After the tribe had fenced all there was good land to plant it, and the rest kept up the fences—that is to say, they stayed round the outside and kept the tramps off. Next year the tribe that had fenced in, or set apart, some of the land had plenty of food, and they had lots of land to spare, so they went to work making better clothes and building better houses; next year they were a great deal stronger, because they had been better fed and better housed. The more they fenced in and used the land the more food there was for themselves and for others.

The tramps outside had a great deal more land, they also had all the game there was and all the time there was, but they said, "these fellows inside the fence have taken our land, but we have worked just as hard outside as they have; they ought to give us a share, or at least as much right to some of their crops and they won't give them to us. Let's go and take them—let's all share even." That is just what the tramps say now, but they don't get it because the men inside the fence have the sense and the muscle, the best tools and the best guns, and they know how to use them.

The tramps were licked, and then they began to grumble, as they do now. They said, no they the men inside the fence, "you have no right to that land, we want some of it." The men inside said, "there is land enough outside, why don't you fence in a piece for *yourself*?" The tramps said, "we want to stay here." Then said the men inside the fence, "stay, if you want to, and swap with us,—there will be enough for all of us if we swap. We will give you the land, which is good for nothing unless it is worked, but we can't all work on this land; let's swap work on land for some other kind of work."

"But where shall I stay?" said the tramp, "We can't all live in the woods." "No," said the man inside the fence, "we have more food than we can eat, more timber than we can use, more iron than we want; you come in and work up those things and we will let you have a share in them, and we will swap grain and meat and timber and iron, which we have saved from our own work and cannot use ourselves, for your work." The tramps agreed. Where was the thief? Both had more than they had before. Which one gained the most?

If no one possessed the land, who would plant a crop? who would build a factory? who would construct a railroad? who would work a mine? If the crops were not planted, if the factories were not built, if the railroads were not constructed, if the mines were not worked, how should we all get a living? How could those who shall own and work the land, or the factory, or the mine, or use the plough, or the hammer, or the loom, any better than each man can settle the question for himself, under the law of the land?

It is a queer kind of a problem. It comes just to this: The more surely we protect property in the field, the factory, the mine and the workshop, or the more we give every man the right to his own tools, then the more food there is, the more clothing there is, the more fuel there is, the more metal there is, and the more houses there are.

Now the rich man can't eat any more food than the poor man, he can't wear many more clothes, and he can't occupy many more rooms with all but hiring a lot of other people to help him take care of them, and then they get the rich rooms. The more there is the more every man has, and then each one gets what he is worth. If he *can* do anything he is wanted, if he *can't* do anything he isn't wanted.

There is no absolute private ownership of land in this country; it is all held on conditions. Every man holds land subject to taxation and subject to be taken when needed for public use. Land has no value except it be used; it is only a tool; its use requires capital to be put into it or upon it. Farm land must be kept up, city land must be built upon. There is no greater profit on the use of land than there is in the use of any other tools. Possession is necessary to use; use is necessary to abundant production. Each man tries to get the most out of his land, his mill, his mine or his work. By his joint effort the abundance of food, of clothing, of shelter is increased.

What does each man really get out of it all in this world? Does he get for himself anything more than his food, clothing and shelter? Does the rich man consume more than the poor man? He may spend more, but what he spends more than his own could supply comes from some other man to buy food, clothing and shelter, who, perhaps, could not get so much in any other way. Each man costs what he consumes; if he produces more than he consumes, somebody else gets what he don't want. In old times they had all things in common and hardly anybody had enough. Now-a-days each man has what he earns, and there is so much of it we can't use it all at home, so we swap what we don't want with other nations for what they can make and we can't.

There are only a few tramps left who won't swap. They try to grab. The most common way of grabbing in our day is by taxing. Men who can't or won't get a living any other way try to get an office of some kind, maybe under the state, city or town, or maybe in some club, society or association. Then they put on a tax; sometimes they call it a club assessment—it sounds better—and they live on it. Ask them what they do for a living and you are apt to find they *do* the voters or the members of the club, and they don't do much else. We must have somebody for judge and sheriff, for mayor and alderman, for constable and park commissioner; their work is as much needed as that of any one else—the only thing is not to put any tramps in office nor to give any other tramps a chance to get a living without working for it.

Labor reform comes easy when a man doesn't cost more than he comes to. Each man may make his own bargains unless he is a fool, and each one can look out for himself that no one costs him more than he comes to. If he lets some other fellow make his bargains he had better look out for the other fellow,—better see what *he* does for a living. There are a good many tramps about who can't or won't help themselves, but who get a living by making believe they are helping somebody else. Did one ever know a man to be good for anything who couldn't help himself first? What is his advice good for?

When the monkey wanted the chestnut, he got the pussy cat to pull it out of the hot ashes. The cat has learned better; she has cut her eye teeth, and now says to the monkey: "You climb the tree and get the chestnuts, and I'll roast them. There are enough for both if we each do our own share of the work." The only trouble is that it takes a smart cat to get ahead of the monkey tramps, and they don't all do it. When they all do make their own bargains and manage their own chestnuts, even tramps may be put to some use. If the question is asked who are the tramps now, every one who asks must find his own answer.

CUNNING CIPHERERS.

Interesting Facts Gleaned From a Big Book Full of Figures.

A volume labeled "Statistical Abstract of the United States" has just been issued from the Treasury department. It has something over 200 pages, and every page fairly bristles with figures. There is not a page in the whole book that is not crowded with figures from top to bottom. The first page shows in long columns what the estimates of the secretary of the Treasury have been for each year since 1863, as to the receipts and expenditures of the government, and besides these is shown what the receipts and expenditures actually were in those years.

It is very interesting and curious to see how expert these people become in making these estimates. They are made eight months before the beginning of the fiscal year which they are to cover. How they can, with any accuracy, predict what the receipts and expenditures will be from eight to twenty months in advance, is pretty difficult to tell. This is especially the case when you consider how largely the state of trade and the imports in the country and how largely dependent the expenditures are upon the whim of Congress. As a rule the estimated receipts are within ten millions of the actual receipts when they are footed up twenty months after the estimates are made. In the past thirteen years there have been only four occasions when the estimates have been as much as ten millions out of the way, and in some cases they have been within four millions of it.

To make an estimate on a year's receipts, which you know are likely to run from $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 and come within $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 is pretty close guessing, especially when it has to be done twenty months in advance. In 1880, for instance, the guessing corps of the Treasury estimated that the receipts of the department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, would be $400,000,000. The figures that stand by that show that the actual receipts for that year were $405,-000,000. Pretty good guessing, that. It is one thing to make a guess and hear nothing more about it and quite another to make a guess with the knowledge that it is to be put in cold type and its verification or failure put just beside it when the estimates and results are compared two years later. The estimates for the expenditures are just about as correct as those of the receipts.

The second page shows the amount of the receipts of the government in the past twenty years or so. They run up into pretty big figures. The government receipts from ordinary sources, such as tariff, internal revenue, run just about a million dollars a day. In the past five years the net ordinary receipts from these sources have averaged a little over a million dollars a day, and the net ordinary expenditures have amounted to about half a million day, omitting principal and interest of the public debt.

Another page gives some interesting figures on the public debt. They are especially interesting just now, too, because of the fact that the last of the three per cent. bonds are now called in, and our national debt is easily figured up. For the first time in nearly a quarter of a century the interest bearing debt has fallen below a billion dollars. Omitting reference to the Pacific railroad bonds, our interest bearing debt is now $787,967,500. Twenty-two years ago it was $2,481,530,294. At that time the interest amounted to one hundred and fifty millions a year; now it amounts to forty millions. Then the debt was $78 per head of population; now it is but a little over $15 each. Then the annual interest was $4 29 per capita; now it is 68 cents. Now we are paying four and a half per cent. on $250,000 000, and four per cent. on the remaining $737,000,000. Then we were paying seven and three-tenths per cent. on $830,000,000 and six per cent. on $484,000,000.

On another page is given the amount of imports for each year since 1830. In that year the total value of the goods imported in the country was $62,000,000. A half century later, in 1880, the value of imports was $667,000,000, or over ten times what it was in 1830. The largest importations for any year in 1885, when they amounted to $724,000,000. The duty collected on the importations amounted to just about $500,000 a day, or about $190,-000,000,000 a year. Five years ago it reached its highest point, $215,000,000, collected as duty on imported merchandise.

One page is devoted to savings banks. It shows the number of depositors in the 638 savings banks over the country to be over three millions, the amount of their deposits to be over a billion. The deposits by private citizens in national banks of the country are also over a million of dollars. Probably the largest figures that this book shows is the statement showing the transactions of the New York clearing house. The bank for the banks of that great city of banks and finance, and its exchanges for the year past amounted to over 41 billions. In the past ten years they have amounted to $350,000,000,000.

The Spare Bed.

A Boston doctor asserts that "the spare bed in the family-house has been to blame for two-thirds of the cases of rheumatism and deaths by consumption," says the Dakota *Bell*. There isn't any use in denying that the spare bed in the winter is cool when you first get in. After you have been in awhile and fallen into a kind of a stupor you don't mind it so much. We have slept in the spare bed during the winter season—that is, we've gone to bed in it and had been rescued subsequently by a relief party sent for the purpose. You know how the spare bed in the old farmhouse looks, probably. It stands there in one corner of the bedstead with a high headboard and spare posts with a ball on the top of each, and the foot board tops off with a sort of roll with a round ornament on each end that you can turn and they can bear it squeak down in the front yard. The bed has a big white spread on it which reaches to the floor, or perhaps a "log cabin" quilt. Then there are a couple of pillows that would make good anvils if they were of a little different shape. But when you get in and lie down on ice floe and pull the glacier up over you—that's the time it is interesting. How awfully cold the spare bed can get! After you get in you turn over once to see if it won't seem a little warmer. But you never take another turn. You're frozen too stiff by that time. And generally you fall into a kind of lethargy, and the next thing you know a couple of doctors are standing over you waiting for amputation to set in on your right leg, which lay against the under sheet in the spare bed.

How Man Would "Cook Up."

The following list of tempting dishes of our noble selves prepared *a la* cannibal is from the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

Although cannibalism is reported by missionaries to have died out among the islands of the south seas, it is far more common than generally imagined. In New Ireland I saw a big fight between two villages, and after the battle the bodies of those who had fallen were eaten. The bodies, after being scalded in hot water, are scraped with a bamboo knife by old women. An old man cuts up the bodies, taking care to keep the thigh and shin bones, which are used for spear heads.

After being wrapped in stout leaves, the dismembered cadavers are placed in ovens dug in the ground, and in four days are ready for eating. The natives made no concealment of their disgusting meal, and during the feast they held wild dances and orgies. The concoction of sago, cocoanut and human brains is called sasak, and is great demand among the women. The females seemed to be more brutal and savage than the men during this cannibal banquet.

The Gems of the Twelve Months.

In Poland the people have a singular superstition that each month has a particular gem associated with it, which governs and influences the destiny of the persons born in that month. Thus, January has a jacinth, or garnet, which denotes constancy, and fidelity in every engagement. February—amethyst, insuring peace of mind; March, a blood-stone, denoting courage and secresy in dangerous enterprises. April, sapphire or diamond, signifying repentance or innocence. May—Emerald, typical of love. June—An agate, meaning long life and health. July—Ruby or carnelian, which insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship or love. August—Sardonyx, a happy married life. September—Chrysolite, which preserves from folly. October—Aquamarine or opal, which denotes both misfortune and hope. November—The topaz, bringing the owner fidelity and friendship. December—Turquoise or malachite, signifying the most brilliant success and happiness.—*American Agriculturist.*

Texans Should be Careful.

A Texas woman has become insane from reading the Bible. Texas people should be careful about handling things with which which they are not thoroughly familiar.

HE TOOK THE OLD LADY.

Something That Could Never Happen Outside of Boston.

Mr. Doolittle called in Portchester square and asked for Miss Elizabeth Bradish. Down she tripped into the long drawing-room, which was rather bare and shabby—it is true, and adorned with a profusion of amateur paintings in oil that set one's teeth on edge. But Elizabeth was in herself so beautiful and bewitching that her surroundings were forgotten. She was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and so thought the infatuated James as he sat down beside her on the faded green rep sofa and gently broached the all-exciting topic of Patti and the opera.

He cleared his throat, and after an embarrassed pause, began:

"Have you ever heard Patti sing, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Why, no, I can't say I have, exactly," replied the charmer, with an arch smile. "I'm not a millionaire. I have seen her picture, and have her autograph in my album, but that is probably as far as I shall ever get in the Patti question. Why?"

"Because," said Mr. Doolittle, slowly and cautiously, "Because I have got two tickets for Thursday night, and if you'd like to go—"

There was a shriek of delight, and the red slippers twinkled as their owner pranced round and round the room in a whirl of pleasure.

"Go? of course I'll go," she cried. "When does it begin? What time will you come for me? What shall I wear? What is the opera? 'Semiramide?' O, how delightful!"

And she was so enchanting in the ardiance of anticipation during the rest of the evening that Mr. Doolittle's heart became a fluttered wreck, and he went away at 11 o'clock more madly in love than ever, longing desperately for the evening to come which should bring about the plighting of her troth.

At last, after long waiting, it did come in very truth. At 7:30 a carriage and pair drove up before the Bradish postern, and from it alighted a gallant cavalier, resplendent in the glories of a dress suit, a covert coat, a gigantic cane, and a Piccadilly tile. One superb orchid bloomed in his button hole, and in his right hand, which was ungloved, he bore a huge bunch of Jacqueminot roses, to be presently offered at the shrine of his devotion. There were heads by the dozen at the windows of the adjoining houses, for every one in the neighborhood had learned in some mysterious way that Elizabeth was going to the opera with her beau, and if he had not been too much absorbed in his own pleasant thoughts he might have seen a blonde bang and a pair of blue eyes regarding him with much feeling from overhead, as he stood on the steps ringing violently at the bell.

The dingy maid of all work flung wide the portal and he entered in. He stood by the piano, fingering the roses and turning over in his mind the simple sentences in which he designed to offer her his heart and hand. For two, three long hours he would have her by his side and alone, and if that would not be an opportunity for a lover, what would? At length there was a rustling as of feminine petticoats upon the stairs, and the heart that had caused poor James such delicious torments already, thumped loudly at his ribs.

"She comes, my lady comes," murmured in a rapture, and stepped forward to greet the radiant vision.

An old lady, tall and angular, in a black bombazine shawl and an antiquated bonnet, stood there, struggling with her gloves, that bested a single button. There was no sign of Miss Bradish.

"Be you Mr. Doolittle?" said the stranger presently, in a rasping voice, as she regarded that gentleman's brilliant array somewhat curiously.

"I am," said he curtly. "Where's Elizabeth? Isn't she ready? It's time now we were off."

The old lady smiled pleasantly, displaying a row of porcelain teeth.

"Lizabeth ain't going," said she. "She's got an awful cold, and her ma thinks best she shouldn't go out, and 'Lizabeth said she wouldn't, and I got in her place as I've never seen any opery. I'm her Aunt Mirandy, from Kennebunk."

The poor fellow actually staggered. He flung the roses on the floor and began to utter curses as loud as they were deep, when he saw that Aunt Mirandy had opened the door and was already half way down the front steps. With a bound he was at her side. He saw all the laughing faces of the neighbors at the windows, clearly enough now, and his first impulse was to drag the poke bonnet and the bombazine shawl down to the sidewalk and trample them under foot. But he set his teeth in a grim determination and got into the carriage after her.

"Where to?" said the driver, slamming door.

"To the devil," answered Mr. Doolittle fiercely, and, in a milder tone, as Aunt Mirandy looked terrified, he said, "To the Boston theater."

Let us draw a veil over the hideous sufferings which he underwent during the rest of the evening, and merely add that, when he had once seated his companion in one of the $6 seats, he went out immediately to see a man, who detained him until the curtain fell at the close of the last act. Then he went back and found Aunt Mirandy limp from astonishment and surprise at Patti and the opera, though she hadn't been able to make out what it was all about, anyhow.

Elizabeth has lost her best beau, and the green rep sofa will know him no more. He has become as much of a cynic as a man of his small education can become in two brief days, and proposes to spend the rest of the spring in wandering through graveyards and meditating on the wickedness and deceitfulness of the feminine sex.—*Boston Herald.*

HE WAS NOT A MASHER,

But the Ladies Thought He was Because He Wanted to Return a Lost Purse.

Yesterday afternoon, two ladies, who were passengers on a south-bound Broadway car, alighted in front of a big dry goods store. Just after they left a gentleman who had been seated next them noticed a plethoric purse on the seat. He picked it up, jumped from the car and hastened after the ladies who had disappeared within the store. After a brief search he located the ladies at the silk counter. He approached, and raising his hat, said:

"Ladies, I was sitting next you in a Broadway car—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the youngest of the ladies, "what do you mean by this impertinence?"

"I did not mean to be impertinent; only I thought you might like to know—"

"I would like to know nothing from you, sir. If you address me again I will call the floor walker and have you arrested."

"All right; I found a purse after you left the car, but if you don't want it I don't care."

The gentleman turned to walk away. The lady felt in her pocket and a sudden change came over her face.

"Oh, I have lost my purse. I am so much obliged to you. It had all the money for my summer dresses in it. I don't know how to thank you enough."

After she had identified the property the gentleman returned it with a sardonic smile.

Private Fortunes in Ancient Times.

Crœsus possessed in landed property a fortune equal to £1,600,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture.

The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £2,500,000.

Lentulus the soothsayer, had a fortune of £3,500,000.

Tiberius, at his death, left £23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than ten months.

Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000.

Antony owed £300,000 at the Ides of March, paid it before the kalends of April, and squandered £147,000,000 of the public money.

Apicius expended in debauchery £500,-000.

Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave Antony, dissolved in vinegar, who swallowed it, a pearl worth £8,000.

Æsopus paid for a single dish £80,000.

Caligula spent for one supper £80,000.

Heliogabalus spent for one meal £20,-000.

Lucullus usually paid £20,000 for a repast.

Messala gave £400,000 for the house of Antony.

Half Way to Heaven.

A little boy was dying. He closed his eyes, and for the moment his mother thought he was dead. She asked: "Charlie, do you know me?" But there was no response, and closer still she pressed her tearful face upon his cold ear and asked, with indescribable pathos: "Charlie, do you know your mother?" Charlie opened his eyes and said: "Why call me back, mother? I was half way upstairs." And with that he fled away.

A Little Deaf.

A gentleman, who is somewhat deaf, is the owner of a dog which has become the terror of the neighborhood. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said, "Good morning, Mr. S. Your wife made us a very pleasant call last evening."

"I am very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it doesn't occur again, for I intend to keep her chained up after this."

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

American women are said to have smaller hands than English women, but the nails are not as pretty.

Jean Ingelow keeps out of the whirl of society, but sees her friends and gives delightful garden parties.

Mary Stewart, once the slave of the late Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, has perfected an invention for coupling cars.

Russian girl students in Paris are said to be bright, studious, inclined to melancholy, and very fond of smoking cigarettes.

Lady Biennerhassett's life of Mme. de Staël will shortly be given to the public. She has spent twelve years on the work.

Mrs. Cleveland's note-paper and envelopes are stamped with the words "Executive Mansion, Washington," in small silver capitals, and the seal in white wax bears her monogram.

The law of Wyoming allows women to vote. It goes still further. It especially provides that there shall be no discrimination on account of sex in the pay for any kind of work.

A London shopkeeper was recently fined under the new act of parliament for keeping two of his girls at work for 97 hours in a week—sixteen hours a day, that is, for six days running.

A girl living near Fargo, Dak., has had eighty offers of marriage. Four more girls have recently moved in, and the bachelors in that region will now have more chance to distribute their attentions.

Of late the Prussian Minister of Education has had several applications made to him to admit women as students to the universities. His reply is, that women are not to be admitted as regular students at any Prussian university nor at any of the medical schools.

The Queen-Regent of Spain is a most energetic and skilled needle-woman, and as her evenings are exempt from state ceremonies during her deep mourning, Donna Christina spends most of her spare time in embroidery. She has recently finished a magnificent flag for a new iron-clad named after her—the Reina-Regente—the standard being over eleven yards long and six and a half wide.

Two young belles appeared at a Boston dinner a few days ago with serpents apparently tattooed on their arms instead of bracelets and a circle of strawberries and strawberry leaves round the neck, exquisitely done, both as to color and drawing, and producing a striking effect. Though it resembled tattooing, it was, of course, some thin substance excellently painted, and made to adhere to the skin.

A woman who does sewing for tailors writes on the difficulty of existing on the small wages she receives, giving as an instance of the work that it takes nearly 40,000 stitches to put the ordinary top coat together. The body of the coat I found acquired 4,788 stitches; the collar, 8,062; sewing the collar on, 1,703; the button-holes, 2,520; the sleeves and lining, 980; the pockets, 924; the silk lining of body, with wadded interior, 17,863; and the braiding, 2,720. A total of 39,620.

WHAT THE QUEEN LOOKS LIKE.

A Faithful Pen Portrait by a Close and Impartial Observer.

A correspondent writing from London to the New York *World* says:

None of the published pictures of the queen give a correct idea of her—she is so much shorter than her photographs represent her. The pictures are productions of a photographic trick. In all full-length photographic portraits of the queen she is posed standing on a raised platform. The train of her dress is then brought around in front so as to conceal the step on which she is standing, and by this means she made to appear fully four inches taller than she is. She does not look to be much over five feet two inches in height. The effect of even this height is lessened by her stoutness. She is very stout, and when she stood up the other afternoon to receive Red Shirt, at the White House entertainment, she was anything but an imposing-looking figure. I had a good opportunity then for fifteen or twenty minutes of seeing the chief ruler of England. There was no visitor to the Wild West show this year who was more plainly dressed than the Queen. She rigidly adheres to black cashmere dresses and plain cloth capes except upon state occasions. It is said that she wears these soft cloths on account of her stoutness. Although she is so stout she does not look at all apoplectic. Her flesh looks as hard as iron. Indeed there is something very stolid and wooden-like in her figure and face. The photographs of course flatter her greatly. I have not seen a photograph of her in London which shows a wrinkle in her face. She has but few lines in her face, but these are very pronounced. She is very full under the eyes. She has the "pop eyes" of a voluble talker. This fullness under the eyes in crise crossed with wrinkles. Her eyes are very large. On each side of her nose are two marked lines. There is not a wrinkle in her forehead, and only a faint line at the corner of each of her eyes. Her face shows no sign of care, annoyance or anxiety. It is a very bold face and has but little expression when she smiles. Her smile is mechanical, and is generally accompanied by a little nodding of the head. This is a habit which the Prince of Wales also has. Whenever he smiles at a friend the smile is generally followed by a series of jerking nods of approval.

The Queen is surrounded by elderly people. The Duchess of Athol, who was with her at the Wild West show, is one of the ladies in waiting. She appeared to be very much older than the Queen. She is little and slightly bent. She had to be helped into the carriage by the two gillies after the Queen had taken her seat. She looked so feeble that it seemed as if a breath of wind might blow her away. The two gillies were men over 50 years of age. The coachman was a grave, smooth-faced man, over 60. Only the postilions and the carriders were young men. They had a nervous, scared look, and turned white every time the Queen turned her face in that direction. That was a noticeable thing to be observed in all those around her. They all appeared nervous. The messenger that came in ahead of her was pale to his lips with anxiety. The postilions when they drove the carriage down through the stables kept turning their heads every instant for some reproving signal. When they went away there was the same anxiety. Sir Henry Ponsonby, her secretary, who was with her upon this occasion, is an old man. He was the least nervous of all her personal staff. He is a tall, slim, fussy-looking old man, dressed in a black frock suit, with a stock coming up around a very high collar. His face is a minature edition of Kaiser Wilhelm. His moustache and whiskers are cut in the exact shape and style of the German Emperor's. His thin, white hair is brushed over a high, bulging forehead, also in the Wilhelm style.

The Missing Baby.

There was a little farce enacted upon a New Jersey railroad train the other evening, which might be aptly entitled "The Banker and the Baby." A very demonstrative infant was on board. An old gentleman who is a Wall street broker was sitting in the same seat. He, buried his head in his newspaper and said something profane. At last even the mother got tired of the noise, and putting the child on the seat, went to the rear end of the car to get it some water. When she returned the baby had disappeared. At once she turned to the banker and demanded her child. "What have you done with it?" she shrieked. "Ah, you villain, you have thrown my sweet baby from the window," and she sat down and discounted the noise her baby had made. Then she got up and yelled for the conductor and wanted the train stopped. When everybody had become excited, two young men sitting in front reached down and produced the baby from under their seat, where it had fallen. The mother was pacified, but she sat and glared at the banker all the way to the city, and evidently thought the whole thing was his fault.

Keeping Very Still.

That politics doesn't enter into the departments at Washington to any great extent nowadays is demonstrated by the recent experience of Gen. Elmer, who was one of the assistant postmaster generals under the Republican administration. He lately had occasion to visit Washington, and he called at the postoffice department to pay his respects to his successor. Of course he was asked to go the rounds of the department, and while doing so was astonished to find still on duty a Republican clerk whom he had appointed at the request of a Republican Senator. "Hello," said Gen. Elmer, going up to the clerk's desk, "you here still?" "Yes," said the clerk, "durned still."

Exhaustless Love.

There is no love like mother love. A child may come into the world perfect or blemished, pretty or plain, it matters little or nothing to the mother heart that opens to receive it. It is her child and it is cherished from its first breath in the royal temple of loving affection. Lulled to slumber with sweeter music than issues from the lips of the greatest singer that ever pleased the public and nurtured with food made only for them. There is no other love that abides with its object through all things and through all time but that of mother love.

A Distressing Experience.

Mr. R. S. B. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., a gentleman eighty-two years of age, in a letter dated November 16th, 1885, says, "I suffered from liver complaint for thirty years, and could not obtain more than transient relief. Three years ago

I HAD A STROKE OF APOPLEXY

After this serious and nearly fatal setback I had less ability than before to contend against my chronic trouble. I had about made up my mind that no material aid was to be looked for. I was persuaded by my friend, Mr. D. H. Hoag, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at

The Providence that Led Me to

use this medicine, for my liver trouble is cured. My appetite is uniform. I digest my food without difficulty, and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man may who, in the order of nature is and must be, so near his journey's end. Price One Dollar.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

THE MONTH OF JUNE.

Events Which are Recorded During this Time of Roses.

The month of June brings much happiness to the hearts of the young people throughout the country, for it brings the end of the school year and the welcome vacation and rest from studies. But the young people are not alone in thinking well of June. Everybody enjoys its warm, pleasant days, its beautiful flowers, its clear atmosphere and its general attractions. James Russell Lowell in his well-known lines, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," appreciates this feeling and touches the true note of nature, and for this reason these lines will probably remain long after the rest of the poem shall have been forgotten. This popularity of June has been known from the most remote times, and its name has been commonly traced to Juno, worshipped at Rome as the queen of heaven. The connection is found in the fact that the month of June was considered the most favorable period for marrying, and Juno was the great protector of the feminine sex, and was believed especially to preside over marriage.

Another origin is found by some in Latino Juniores, the young men to whom Romulus is said to have assigned it, and still another is that pointing to Julius, as in marriage. The month was formerly called Junouries, and was known among the Anglo-Saxons as the "midsummer month." At this time the days are at their greatest length, and all nature seems to be in its most vigorous condition.

The month, however, is but a weak one as regards anniversaries. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was born on the 14th, in 1811, seems to be alone in the honor of entering the world at this time of roses.

Every American, and especially every Bostonian, recalls the fact of the battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred on the 17th some 112 years ago, and every loyal Briton will recall—and especially so this year—the fact that on the 20th of the month in the year of 1837 Victoria ascended the throne of Great Britain and began that reign which has brought that prosperity to that country with which all are familiar.

But if English hearts beat faster on the 50th anniversary of their queen's ascension, they may also remember that it was just five years previous that their country furnished the leader who, on the 18th, in the year 1815, at Waterloo, put an end to the onward career of that world's conqueror, Napoleon I. It is just about this time of year that the days, having reached their utmost limits, begin to grow more equal with the night; and in the old almanacs summer is set down as commencing on the 21st, and many persons still believe that there is a distinct change in the condition of nature when it is announced that summer has commenced.

During the civil war the month saw quite a number of battles. On the 3d, in 1864, occurred the battle of Cold Harbor, in Virginia; while on the 15th, in 1862, the Federals were defeated near Charleston, and the 21st and 22d, in 1864, the Federals attacked the Weldon railroad. The famous seven days' battle in the peninsula began on the 25th, in 1862; and on the 28th of the month, in the same year, the bombardment of Vicksburg was commenced. On the last day of the month, still in the same year, occurred the battle of Frazer's Farm.

But one does not think of June as a time of battles. It is a time of roses and peace. It is nature's holiday.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Preciousness of George.

There is one prominent furniture establishment in this city, the clerks of which were treated to an amusing incident the other day. A couple that had evidently made up their minds to sail forth on the tronblous waters of the martial ocean dropped in to select the furniture necessary for the unfortunate equipment of their household ark. The latter had been evidently deluded into the idea that her prospective fellow voyager was possessed of some ready means, therefore she was somewhat taken aback when he, after the work of selection had been completed, turned to the salesman and inquired as to how much money would have to be paid down upon such a bill of goods, and how favorable their terms were in regard to the payment of the remainder.

The lady was, for the moment, dumbfounded at the revelation implied by her companion's interrogative, and without waiting for the salesman's comprehensive elucidation of the thing, a liberal provision for such contingencies, turned upon her would-be lesser half, and, with a voice that sent a chill into the very marrow of his bones, said: "Look here, George, do you mean to say that you have not the money to pay for this furniture outright?" George reluctantly admitted that his exchequer was not sufficiently plethoric to give such an extravagant manifestation of extreme wealth. "Then I guess you had better wait awhile, for you will have no immediate need of the furniture so far as I am concerned," and she waltzed out of the store, leaving the crestfallen target of her indignation to his own thoughts and the consolatory offices of the sympathetic salesman.—*Boston Budget.*

Just a Fledgling.

"Yes," said Mr. Slimwit, as they were walking home, "I do enjoy the theater; I once wrote a play myself." "Oh, Mr. Slimwit," she exclaimed, with genuine enthusiasm, "did you, indeed? Was it? And was it a success, and did I ever see it played?" I don't know that you ever did," he said, in slow, conscientious tones. "It was only a short, one act play; it was a play upon the word 'tare.' I rung in something about the tare charged by the fair at the fair not being fair. I cannot tell a lady what the editor called me, but I can never forget it. And not ten days afterward I saw that very same thing in his paper as original." "I believe all editors are jealous of other writers," said Miss Giddigirl, "because once pa wrote an article protesting Mr Cleveland for President long, long before anybody else thought of him, and signed it 'Taxpayer'—that's pa's non de plume, he writes all these articles signed 'Taxpayer'—and after election he went to find it to settle a dispute and the editor had cut the whole copy of that paper out, and he said he never published no paper on the 5th of July, and everybody knows it is the 4th of July that is the holiday, and not the 5th; pa told him so, too, and the editor said pa didn't get rooms in an ice-house he wouldn't keep through the summer."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

They Were Both Tired.

Last week, late in the afternoon, a case was called in one of the courts. "I would like to ask, your Honor, that this case go over," said one of the attorneys. "On what grounds?" "I am too tired to take it up." "Too tired?" "Yes, your Honor, I have been arguing a case in Department 2 all day, and I am really too exhausted to go on with this trial." "Very well, let the case go over. Call the next case." The next was called and another attorney rose. "May it please your Honor, I would like to ask that this case go over." "For what reason?" "I am too tired." "You too? What has made you tired?" "I have been listening all day to my learned friend in Department 2."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following inportant documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If yo want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

IX.

"One thing I cannot quite understand," I said, after I had recovered from the deserved reprimand recorded in the last chapter, "and that is why the bite of an insect or animal, or a vegetable or mineral poison has so much more serious effect upon some persons than upon others. It seems to be death to one, while another will scarcely notice that it has any physical effect whatever. If the matter contains what is injurious to the human body, why are not all affected in a similar way?"

"You might as well ask why all who are exposed to scarlet fever or measles do not have the disease with like violence, or why some escape it entirely though exposed to infection. It depends almost entirely upon the condition of the system of the one bitten, and somewhat upon the temperament. Given pure blood and a fairly healthy state of the body, which, of course, presupposes an active discharge of its functions, and a nervous organization which does not instantly imagine the worst consequences, and there is not one half the danger. I believe people absolutely worry themselves into hydrophobia. Bitten by a dog they are afraid may be mad, they think about it night and day, until the evil is upon them."

"What would you do should one of the boys chance to be bitten by a dog?" asked Mrs Dent.

"What I think I should do, and what ought to be done," she responded," is to bandage the limb firmly above the wound, in order to prevent the poison from being taken back to the heart through the venous blood, from which it can be distributed through the system. I should do all that was possible to keep up the bleeding until the doctor, for whom I should send 'instanter,' arrived, even to the extent of opening the wound a little further. A bite which has not torn the flesh much, and which has been inflicted through considerable clothing is not very dangerous. The teeth are not apt to penetrate deeply, and then they are cleansed by the cloth through which they pass. Still I should give it into the immediate charge of a good physician, because the possible consequences are so terrible."

"God grant that our dear ones may never be exposed to such a danger," ejaculated Mrs. Dent, with a shudder.

"You may well say that," she answered. "I never see boys tormenting an animal, arousing it to anger, or driving it to an extremity of fear without a shudder. My boys know that such cruelty may react in a terrible manner upon themselves, for there is no doubt but that the bite of a dog or cat, or any creature driven to mad desperation in this way may produce fatal consequences. Nature has drawn certain lines that cannot be crossed with impunity, and the infliction of needless suffering upon the body, or carelessly arousing the passions, is one of them."

Just at this moment I chanced to look at Mrs. Dent, and to my surprise saw her brows contracted, while a look of what, at another time and in a different situation, I would have called fear. At my hasty inquiry as to its cause, she laughed and said:

"I was just allowing my imagination to run away with me, that was all. You remember, Mary," turning to her cousin, "that last summer we went up into the mountains for the summer, staying, not at the hotel, but at a farm house some distance away. It was at an easy walking distance from a most picturesque ledge of rocks to which we often used to wander in the morning, and I would sit there with my book, while the children played around me. Nobody had ever spoken to me of any possible danger in these little excursions, and I did not dream of any.

"One day we had gone out as usual, and I found a nook upon the other side of the ledge from the one I had hitherto chosen, which commanded a finer view, and I sat down to read a story in which I was greatly interested. The children were not far away, and I sat for some time absorbed and motionless. The bright sunshine gave a welcome warmth to the air which, in the shade, had a penetrating coolness.

"I do not know what aroused me. There was not the slightest sound, but a sort of creeping sensation came and went slowly up and down my spine, with a prescience of something evil near. Raising my eyes from my book I saw, not two paces away, a huge rattlesnake, stretched out as if enjoying the sunshine, which, doubtless, he was to the utmost. Evidently the creature was not yet aware of a hostile presence, but I knew that the slightest movement upon my part would arouse in it the instinct of self-preservation, and in so doing place me in mortal peril. I was almost paralyzed. The voices of the children sounded afar off, although they were only a few steps away upon the other side of the ledge. At any moment they might appear and then who could tell what might happen.

"Curiously enough even in this supreme moment, I noticed its peculiar mottled appearance, and thought it was not so ugly looking after all, if we had not been taught to regard it as utterly repulsive and terribly dangerous.

"Why *didn't* you jump?" I asked. "To think of sitting there admiring a creature that might strike you a death-blow the next moment!"

"It does seem absurd, does it not? In truth, though, it has taken me ten times as long to tell it, as I remained quiet. There are times when seconds seem ages, and this was one. Suddenly I became conscious of a slight movement. Its head was turning towards me. Stories of being charmed into helplessness ran through my brain. I must get away ere it looked me in the eye. Gathering all my forces together I gave a sudden spring, and in an instant was several feet away. The deadly rattle sounded and, though I knew I was safe, it sounded like the shriek of doom. I seized the children and dragged them frantically towards the house, and you may be sure that was the last visit we ever made to that ledge."

Both her cousin, and I drew long breaths as she concluded.

"What made you tell us that story?" I ejaculated, at last. "I shall see snakes now for the rest of the day and night."

"I hope not," she said, "for they are not pleasant companions. I don't know why Mary's remarks about angering animals brought this to my mind, but they did, and now I am glad of it, for she can tell us what she would do if anybody were bitten by a snake."

"I don't know," she said, shuddering. "It has never come within my experience, and I hope it never may. I will read to you what one of the highest medical authorities, Dr. Robert T. Morris, says in regard to the treatment of the bite of a rattlesnake. It would require some nerve to carry it out, but such a situation is desperate, for it is instant treatment or death. He supposes two friends are out hunting and one of them is suddenly bitten in the leg."

Opening a book she read as follows:

Don't stop to kill the snake.

Tear open the breeches leg.

Fasten a handkerchief or strap about the leg above the wound so firmly that venous circulation will be impeded.

It will be hard to tie the improvised tourniquet tightly enough; so it will be best to tie it very loosely, and then twist it tightly in the common way with a stick.

Open the one or two holes made by the snake's fangs with your knife, and open them so widely that the whole depth of the wound is exposed. Make the cut by passing the tip of the knife blade down into the wound and cutting out, instead of cutting directly down as a surgeon would do. (Make the cut lengthwise instead of across the limb so as to avoid cutting large blood vessels.)

The small wounds made by the other teeth of the snake are harmless and need receive no attention.

Allow six or eight ounces of blood to escape from the knife cut, if so much as that will run out, and at the same time rub the wound with your finger, in order to dislodge any of the tenacious albuminous poison which remains.

Remove the tourniquet.

Wash the wound out with whisky, if you happen to have it with you.

Stop hemorrhage by tying a wad of crushed leaves in the wound, with the handkerchief passed around the limb at that point.

Do not poison the patient with unreasonably large doses of whisky given internally.

(A solution of one grain of corrosive sublimate in two teaspoonfuls of water, injected forcibly into a freshly made fang wound with a small syringe, would unquestionably destroy all of the snake poison in the wound, and obviate the necessity for the crude surgery just referred to.)

"You can see that to carry this out one would have to use the most energetic self-control, but if life were at stake, and especially the life of a loved one, I think we could do it. At any rate it is well to know what is best."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Turkish Cushion Seat.—Materials: This is formed of two cushions. For the upper cover of the largest, take 1¾ yds. of Turcoman or Cretonne 40 ins. wide, and for the other 1 yd. of silk or Roman satin 36 ins. wide: for both, 3½ yds of Turkey red calico, 27 ins. wide; 18 yds. of fancy cord; 6½ yds. of ticking, 27 ins. wide; 10 lbs. of feathers; 8 lbs. of excelsior and 8 large tassels. Cut 2 yds. from ticking; divide the remaining 4½ into 2¼ lengths; tear one of these in two and sew to the full breadths, making one cover for the cushion 39 ins. and the other 18 ins. square. Fill the small cushion with feathers and large one with excelsior. For lining cut 1 yd. from Turkey red calico, divide the remaining 2½ yds. into two parts, each 1¼ yds.; tear one of these lengths and sew to full breadths. Cover top of small cushion with the satin; line with the Turkey red. Use remaining piece for large cushion, covering the top with Turcoman. Sew the cord on to cover the seam, leaving ½ yd hanging at each corner of small cushion, and at each side exactly in the center of the large one, finishing the ends with a tassel.

Place the feather cushion on top of the excelsior, bringing the ends of the cord exactly opposite, and tie cord in long loops. —ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r, ribbed crochet; c f st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t. treble; sh c. short crochet.

Handsome Knitted Lace.—Cast on 26 stitches. Knit across plain. 1st row—k 12—o—n—o—n—k 2—o 2—n—k 4—o—n; 2nd row—o—n—k 6—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 12; 3rd row—k 4—n—o 2—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 12; 4th row—o—n—k 9—o—n—o—n—k 6—p 1—k 5; 5th row—k 2—n—o 2—n—k—o 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 3—o—n; 6th row—o—n—k 5—p 1—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3; 7th row—k 4—n—o 2—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—k 6—p 1—k 5; 9th row—k 2—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 3—o—n; 10th row—o—n—k 5—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—o—n—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3; 11th row—k 4—n—o 2—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 14—o—n; 12th row—o—n—k 14—o—n—o—n—k 6—p 1—k 5; 13th row—k 12—o—n—o—n—k 14—o—n; 14th row—bind off 6—k 9—o—n—o—n—k 12. Repeat. This is correct, and can be made any width desired. I wish the authors of "Kansam," "Handsome Curtain Lace," and "Double Rose Leaf Lace and Insertion," would please send more patterns, as they are so pretty.—ED.

Crochet Edging.—This edging is worked in crochet with medium fine cotton. Make a foundation of 22 st, and crochet as follews: 1st row—Pass the first 9 st, 1 sc (single crochet) on the following st., 9 ch (chain stitch); pass 6 st, 1 s c on the following st, 2d row—3 ch, 11 d c around the following 9 ch, 5 ch, 1 s c on the middle st of the 9 passed by in the 1st row. 3d row—1 s c around the next 5 ch; 1 p, (picot consisting of 4 ch and 1 s c on the preceding s c) twice alternately; 2 s c around the same 5 ch and 1 p; 1 s c around the same 5 ch, 2 ch 11 d c, separated by 1 ch on the next 11 d c, 5 ch, 1 s c on the first foundation st. 4th row—1 s c around the next 5 ch three times alternately; 1 p and 1 s c around the same 5 ch; work 2 s c separated by 1 p around each of the next 11 single ch; then 1 s c on the s c after the 3d p in the preceding row. 5th row—6 ch, 1 s c on the following 4th p in the preceding row; 8 ch, 1 s c on the following 8th p. Continue to repeat the 2d—5th rows in turn, but in every repetition work an additional picot scallop, preceeding from the middle st in the 2d p in the 4th row, for which crochet 7 ch, connect to the 4th p in the 4th row of the preceding pattern; then around the 7 ch work 1 s c and 5 times alternately, 1 p and 1 s c, finish the lace with two rows, worked lengthwise along the upper edge as follows: 1st row—1 s c around the middle one of the 3 p in the 3d row of the next pattern; 2 ch, 1 s c around the following p, 6 ch; repeat from*. 2d row—Alternately 1 d c on the following 2d st in the preceding row, and 1 ch.—G. L.

Dame Fashion's Voice.

Polanaises are coming into fashion again and promise to be very popular.

Plaid goods and a plain color, the latter being of the same shade as the one predominating in the plaid, or the two harmonizing, are made up together. Sometimes the plaid forms the skirt and the overdress and waist are of the plain goods with collar and cuffs of plaid, and again the skirt and waist are of the plain and the overdress of the plaid. This is a useful style in making over a last year's dress.

Basques have often a V shaped opening at the neck in which a white chemisette is worn.—ED.

Correspondence.

MOCKING BIRDS—I see in the BLADE HOUSEHOLD inquiry as to the care, etc., of mocking birds. If it is our Northern mocking bird, or brown thrush, I have had a great deal of experience with them for the last twelve or fifteen years. I am now an old man and I love their company.

The best one I ever had was about three years. He would mock every bird and every noise he heard; the whistling wind, the squeaking door, the crowing rooster, etc. He died suddenly from some unknown cause.

I prefer to get them when very young if I can. We have four now. I found a nest last spring, and I put nest and all, when they were but a few days old, into a cage with one a year old, and hung them up in a tree not far from where the nest was, and the parent birds fed them through the wires. After about the second day the parents would pass the dainty bits in to the old bird, and he would divide it among his adopted family. They were passing in something almost continuously for about six weeks. By watching them I learned what their natural food was and it consisted of almost anything they could carry belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdom.

We have always fed as near their natural food as possible and nothing that has salt or pepper in: wheat bread, corn bread, crackers, cookies, (no rich cake and no bread to be left in the cage to become sour) ripe apples, seeds and all, cooked potatoes, rice, and in winter dried berries, as raspberries, elderberries, currants, &c. Fresh beef and breast of chicken and as often as twice a month two or three common spiders. Sometimes they will not touch them; other times they will devour them ravenously. Nature demands them for some purpose.

Furnish a good sized dish of clean water tepid in cold weather and they will bathe every day. See that they have a warm room to dry off in and a warm room at night.

Have a dish of pure drinking water changed two or three times a day. Have two or more sliding bottom boards to your cage, so you can slip in a clean one while the others are being washed and aired. Same with the perches. Have a shallow cigar box, with some nice small gravel sand and dry road dust, with a spoonful of sulphur, and place it in the cage for a few hours about once a week. Hang out doors in pleasant weather, and they will live five or six years and be much more sociable and companionable than the much-adored canary.

There could be much more said about these nice birds and their management, but I hope this may be of some benefit to the birds.—JULIUS L. ANDERSON, Mt. Etna, Indiana.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.—In looking over a late paper we see a request for advice in training children, from "M. B." I think her children possessed of most excellent mettle for "smart" men and women and they only want to be kept busy. Give them something to do—if nothing more than drawing a piece of board for a sled or wagon, putting thereon chips, stones, sticks of wood and a baby made of a pillow off the bed. Set them to peddling books, papers, anything nearly, to mamma, cutting paper or paste-board into pieces for money, their money, to be exchanged for their wares, when peddling. Let them write on their little slates and thousands of such innocent amusements are much better than restraint.

Try and not say what they must or or must not do, but teach by example or ask them pleasantly if they had not better do so and so, for papa or mamma does or does not. Don't be exacting, pass just as lightly as possible over their foibles. As for punning do they not have the example set for them? Children are quicker to hear than we generally suppose. And about their temper, take great care not to arouse it into opposition, and as for whipping, there are many children hurt, made worse, by it, than better.

How to punish them? Oh, there are many ways and a wise mother will find some other mode rather than one that rouses the animal in her child, especially when possessed of an innate aversion to be brought onto a level with the brute creation. Different tempers must be differently dealt with. I say as others, more wise, that, prescribed rules are poor things to go by among little children. This simple article may help others as well as "M. B."—MRS. ELISHA BURGDORF.

ABOUT CHILDREN—I read an article not long ago on "Bringing up Children," by West Wind.

I disapprove as much as she, or any one can of indulging a child unreasonably, and making every one slaves to its will, and surely nothing can be worse than trying to govern one by telling untruths. A parent's first rule should be to always be perfectly truthful in all they say to children. I think, however, I have seen as many whose lives were ruined by extreme severity as over-indulgence.

I, too, am a grandmother, and I have reason to thank my Heavenly Father every day for my children and grandchildren.

From the experience I have had I would say do as little whipping and scolding as possible. All children should be taught obedience, and the first lessons should begin early; by the close of its first year a child will understand many things, and though a tender, sensitive little creature, needing the true love and care, only a mother can give, yet if that love is guided by wisdom, and firmness, it may even so young, begin to learn something of that great law, obedience to a higher power, which during the years of infancy, the parents must represent. By beginning this important lesson so young, before self-will has grown strong by indulgence, much unhappiness and many punishments will be saved.

Patient consistent firmness will do much towards teaching a child to obey, and other ways of punishing, when any is necessary, will in most cases produce the same effect as whipping, with better influence on the character of the child.

If a mother never punishes her children in anger, but only from a sense of duty, because she loves them so deeply and tenderly she would give her own life willingly, if necessary to make them grow into good and noble men and women, she will not go far wrong, and their love for such a mother will be her best and strongest influence for good, when they grow beyond her control, and go out in the world to meet temptation.—GRANDMOTHER.

A WORD OF REPLY.—Please let me speak to "Sunny Kansas" for a minute. She thinks we get the strips to bind our pies with, from the "rag sack," and even imagines that we use them, twice over.

Oh, no, "Sunny." Let me set you right on this subject.

Our strips are torn from a piece of clean, white, cotton cloth, that is kept in a drawer, in the linen closet, where it is as easy to get as the sugar or spice, when we want to make a pie. No running about to hunt it up, you see, "Sunny."

To be sure, when the pies are baked, the strips make the acquaintance of the rag-sack, but not until then, and I assure you, "Sunny," once in, they never come out until the rag-man gets them.

Thank you, Miss Editor, I have nothing more to say this time, but I really felt called upon to speak up when "Sunny Kansas" attacked the strips that have saved us so much time, and trouble, and pie juice.—CHIC.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

How dear to my heart the old homestead!
How natural living here seems!
'Tis the very height of each of my fancies,
The climax of all of my dreams.

Our grandsires this same roof has sheltered,
Here their days were numbered at last;
A great many years since have vanished,
Those fleet years, how quickly they've passed!

I remember the grape-vine that clambered
Through the top of the old apple tree,
And how it bore grapes by the bushel;
Their memory is still sweet to me.

I'd an appetite like a young tiger,
(And still I have somewhat the same,)
Though now I've no chance to regale it
On nectar like that; who's to blame?

Oft times when engaged in farm labor
In the fields lying back by the lane,
We adjourned to this dear habitation,
Driven hither by showers of rain.

Here we found shelter and comfort and welcome,
Such welcome as kings seldom get;
In this rambling old house, the dear homestead,
We never, no, never got wet.

But farming has suffered some changes
Since I used to drive the old plow;
Almost everything's done by machinery
Now, even to milking the cow.

Men have certainly made great advancement
In the art of taking their ease;
There are seats that are made for that purpose;
They cushion them, too, if they please.

Men use a cart now in plowing;
The plow moves along at their feet;
But the principal part of the gulky
Is the most indispensable seat.

The machines for mowing and reaping
And binding, you notice, have all
Their evergrown seats for the drivers;
Without these they're nothing at all.

People call this the age of fine steel,
I call it the age of the mind;
For knowledge instead of crude muscle
Takes the lead nowadays, you will find.

Of what use is the study of science,
Of chemistry, physics and all,
If we're not to apply it to farming,
The most valuable art of them all.

God's blessing attending the effort,
I intend the old homestead shall give
Some manifest sign of improvement
While I am permitted to live.

—JOHN W. ROMINE.

Inquiries.

Will some one please tell me what will cure granulated eyelids? What will rid one's cupboard of those little black ants.—MRS. H. SIPES, Salem, Ill.

Look under "Recipes."—ED.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell me through the HOUSEHOLD where I can get specimens and shells for my cabinet? Can they also send directions for crocheting wide lace?

If "A Constant Reader" will send her address to Box 208, Jamestown, Kan., I will send her a basket made of cord. I do not understand sending directions.—A KANSAS GIRL.

Will the person who gave the cure for consumption, in the HOUSEHOLD a short time ago, be kind enough to describe the plant spoken of as Elecampane?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me of a vine that will twine around a post four inches square and make a nice covering in one season. Please reply soon.—MRS. J. E. HARMON, Box 376, Cannon Falls, Minn.

If there should be a member of the HOUSEHOLD department who has in her possession any old papers, books or magazines for gratuitous distribution she will confer a favor by sending same to me.—BEVERLY SHEELEY, Jamestown, O.

Will some of the many kind readers of the BLADE tell me what it is that is used to clear jellies, and what amount is used for different kinds.—O. F. H., Snoddy Mill, Ind.

Will some good physician who reads the BLADE please tell me what to do for obstinate constipation in a child 19 months old, who seldom has a natural passage? We gave castoria for awhile until it ceased to help, then injections, which no longer move her bowels. By giving castoria and injections, both, a movement is secured the following day. The child is perfectly healthy, but was a bottle-fed babe. Will some one who has used the glue paint please tell me how much will be necessary for twenty yards, how much coloring should be added, and what kind to paint the floor in squares or diamonds? Should like black and yellow, but do not know what colors to use, or how to apply to get the diamonds of equal size. Many thanks to the ladies who sent recipes for fruit cake.—THREE YEARS SUBSCRIBER.

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD department please send through the BLADE the pattern called the double rose-leaf insertion?—EMILY J. EDWARDS.

I have a spot on one side of my face that is darker than the rest of the skin, and it is caused by a sore that was there a few years ago, and I would be greatly obliged if some reader of the BLADE would tell me of a remedy that would make it as light as the rest of my face.—CLARA MAY.

I would like to ask the readers if there is any remedy they know to be good for weak lungs and throat troubles, as I am a sufferer from both. I have seen Greek valerian recommended so much, but as I do not know it, I have never been able to get any. Now, if any one that knows it will write to me, I will be thankful. There is a plant grown here that I believe to be it from the description that has been given. I would send some of it to them and find out. Also I will pay postage if any one will be so kind as to write to me. If the editor can find room for this I will be greatly obliged.—JENNIE BIGBEE, Collins Station, Whitley Co., Ind.

Answers to Inquiries.

In the BLADE some one asked for a remedy for tetter in the head of 12 years standing. The following has effectually cured a case of over 30 years standing on my head and I have knowledge of other cases in which like results have attended its use: 2 ozs. of oil of tar, 2 ozs. sweet oil, 2 ozs. Venice turpentine, 1 oz. calomel. Warm the oils together; when nearly cool stir in the calomel; stir well each time used.—C.

I would like to learn the address of Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, as I wish to obtain her book on "Silk Culture."—IRA G. HARRIS.

Address desired, Lisbon, Burlington county, New Jersey.—ED.

I have been a silent reader for about six months, but would like to say a few words to "Young Girl" about bathing. I do not wish to advise you against your mother, but I know from experience that a cool sponge bath taken in the morning upon rising, and a bath say once a week with warm water and soap, is invigorating and beneficial.—FOREST GLEN.

There is nothing more invigorating than the bath as our correspondent says, *providing* there is a reaction after it, and no chill, or chilly sensation. Should there be, the next best thing, and perhaps equally good, is the rubbing of the body with the salt towel as described in "Health and Beauty." —ED.

I would like to tell the sisters how to make their brooms last longer. Dip them in a kettle of boiling suds for a minute or two once a week. It will make them rough but pliable, and a carpet is not worn half so much by sweeping with a broom cared for in this manner.—MRS. MAGGIE B. K.

Please inform E. C., in the HOUSEHOLD, that wild cucumber vines grow more rapidly than any other vine, and make very nice shade. I have some seed if she wishes them. Also, she can ornament her large bottles by pasting fancy pictures over them, then finish with bow of ribbon. First wrap with tin foil.

MRS. Merriam Anon, Bon Homme county, Dakota, wants good reading. Please inform her that I will send her a year of *Godey's Magazine* if she will pay postage; I do not feel able.

Would you please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD where I could procure the song, "The Little Girl Under the Snow?"—MRS. MAGGIE HARLORO, Marysville, Iowa.

Will some one that knows, or will you, dear editor, tell a class of girls that are going to Europe with their professor for lessons in art, what they need to wear? They are not wealthy, nor are they going to display fine clothes, but want to be respectably and comfortably?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Do not carry a large quantity of clothing as it can be purchased over there as cheaply as here, as you need it. You need a good warm traveling dress for the sea voyage, and a warm wrap. When you get there, dress as you would at home under the same circumstances, plainly, prettily, but unostentatiously.—ED.

"Dyspeptic."—Dieting is the sovereign remedy for your complaint. Vegetables well cooked, and regular meals relieved me, and am almost cured. I used pepsin after each meal for a long time. I take nothing now. The less medicine the better. I speak from experience and the advice of a good physician. Over-eating caused my ailment. I would work till 2 o'clock, then eat enough to do two meals. —B. M.

If "Schoolgirl" wishes for any subject in her salutatory save the single welcoming address, the following are all suitable: "The Beauties of Nature," "The Minor Key of Life," "Silent Influences," "To-Day," "To-Morrow," "Purity of Thought," "Beauty of Mind," "Make True Greatness," "Perseverance," "The True Hero," "Concentration of Mind," or "Nature and Art." Here are a few first-class mottoes: "Through rough paths to the stars," "Toil before ease—the cross before the crown," "Thus endeth our first lesson," "Not how much, but how well," "Act well your part—there all the honor lies," "Beauty of mind endureth forever."—BLADE READER.

How shall a young lady entertain a gentleman caller who will not talk? He is an intimate friend. I have two compleat works on etiquette and one smaller; but they tell nothing.—X. Y.

Have you tried reading to him or giving him something to read? Does he like to play games? If these things call forth no interest, it is hard to tell what to do unless you wind yourself up, and then, after the fashion of Tennyson's "Brook," run on forever with a stream of talk.—ED.

Recipes.

How to Prepare Mushrooms.—First, having sliced them in halves, place in salt water, letting them remain from two to four hours; then flour and fry in hot butter. Now try it, and you'll pronounce it the best food ever eaten.—DEMAN BRUCE.

Excellent Honey.—Good white sugar, 5 lbs.; water, 1 quart; gradually bring it to a boil, skimming well; when cool add one pound bee's honey, 4 drops of peppermint essence, and put into the water ¼ ounce of alum.

Honey.—Common sugar, 4 lbs.; water, 1 quart; let them come to a boil, and skim; then add pulverized alum ½ ounce; remove from the fire and stir in cream of tartar ½ ounce, and water or extract of rose 1 tablespoonful, and it is fit for use. This took the premium at an Ohio state fair.

The above are sent in answer to inquiry for domestic honey recipes.—LIDA PARK.

Plain Cabbage Salad.—"One small teaspuful of vinegar, one egg; one tablespoonful sugar; one teaspoonful salt; butter half the size of an egg, beat the egg before mixing with the other ingredients, which should be previously put over the fire; then put in the eggs. Stir until it boils, cool and pour over very finely chopped cabbage." Half a medium sized head is sufficient for family of five. Better after being in a cool place for two or three hours before serving.—L. M.

My Way of Cooking Dried Sweet Corn.—Cook in a double kettle such as is used for cooking oat-meal. Put to soak in the morning, keeping it hot but do not boil. Salt a few minutes before putting in other seasoning. Add milk to make quite a thick cream enough to make the right consistency, a little butter and pepper and cook five minutes. For drying, I cut from the cob raw, dry in oven, stirring frequently till milk is dried, when it can be finished in the sun if you like.—RAGGED LADY.

Lemon Pie.—Three lemons; one coffee cupful of New Orleans molasses; a little brown sugar; press the juice of two lemons in the molasses, grate in the remainder of the lemon with enough flour to form a a good paste. Line the pie tin with crust, cover it with the preparation, slice in very thinly some of the third lemon, roll a small very thin middle crust, cover as before, and bake as any other pie. This makes three pies, and keeps longer than most pies.—MRS. L.

Cream of Roses.—This is simple, and not injurious to the skin. Pulverize and sift magnesia, and mix with rose water until like thin cream. After bathing the face in warm water, moisten with glycerine and apply the cream. When dry, rub the face lightly with soft flannel.—MAUD MILTON.

To Color Kid Gloves.—For M. A. L.—Put, ½ oz. extract logwood into a 2 oz. vial, and fill with good brandy. This dye will keep for years, if well corked. Put the gloves on the hands, and with a sponge apply evenly all over them; rub one hand with the other, smoothly and firmly, until dry. More logwood gives a nearly black color; less a delicate lilac.

Granulated Sore Eyes:—White vitriol, loaf sugar, fine table salt, half an ounce of each. Put in one quart of rain-water. Wash eyes three times a day.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.		Thaddie A Smith	Arthur Thomps'n
Maud Organ		Robert D Smith	Orval Thompson
Tommy Graham		Kittie M Burch	Bertha Thompson
Clara Bertram		Josie Hills	Vida Thompson
Minnie Thomps'n		NEWELL, IA.	Maggie Wyatt
Adel Thomson		Lulu Cole	Frady Wyatt
Helen Thompson		Belle Cole	Samuel Ferguson
Ollie Dunlap		Iva Cole	Altha Furguson
Mary Mai		Gretta Uren	Mary Fothergill
Hattie Zohn		Dick Uren	Mary Miller
Millie Zohn		Bertha Uren	Retta Holme
Masetta Twibing		Ellen Odell	Chas Petree
Leola Page		Arthur Page	Orval Petree
Walter Page		Frank Redfield	Alva Pettijohn
Lydia Bertram		Charlie Allison	Corey Pettijohn
FRANKFORT, MICH.		WESLEY CHAPEL	George Norris
Hattie M Smith		NO.	ROCHELLE, ILL.
Florence E Smith		Chas Hill	Walter E Hayes
Minnie Smith		Ruth Hill	Wilbur C Hayes
Annie J Smith		Cora Hill	Mabel B Hayes

Names this week, 54. Total, 19,705.

The above embraces all names received up to June 2.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I questioned a child, a happy child,
As it merrily danced along,
"What do you look at? What do you see?"
And the child it laughingly answered me,
In a voice as sweet as a song,
"I don't see things that are far away;
I love the dear time called to-day,
And mother she tells me that I may,
And that it isn't wrong."

I questioned a man, a busy man—
He had hardly time to hear—
"What do you look at? What do you see?"
And the man he hurriedly answered me,
When once I had gained his ear:
"The thing that of all I most enjoy
Is the thought of the time when I was a boy,
And life seemed a pleasure without alloy—
But I mustn't stand talking here!"

I questioned a woman, a woman old,
So old that she seemed half dead,
"What do you look at? What do you see?"
And the aged woman she answered me,
With a shaking voice and head:
"The past is dim and the present drear,
But to-morrow it shines all bright and clear,
And the blessed dawning is almost here,
And I think about that," she said.

So each to his age; for the merry child
The things of the glad to-day,
To the toiling man, whose hands are full,
The glimpse of the yesterday beautiful,
And his boyhood hearty and gay;
To the aged soul whose work is done,
The patient waiting at set of sun,
For the blessed morrow almost begun
When the shadows shall flee away.

—*S. S. Times.*

MY HOUR.

BY MARIA L. RITTER.

A sleepy head lies upon my breast,
A dimpl'd cheek touches my face,
As softly my little one sinks to rest,
Clasped in my loving embrace.
The white lids over the blue eyes lay,
The red lips are half apart,
And the griefs and sorrows that crowd my day,
Creep silently out of my heart.

Oh! in this pitiful life of care,
With its transient dreams of bliss,
Where the scoffer's sneer mingles with our prayer,
Where love betrays with a kiss,
When the pretty head lies on my breast,
Which the world has not learned to wield,
I thank thee, Lord, for my hour of rest
In the eve with my little child.

MISS TRIGG'S EASTER LILIES.

BY E. S. L. THOMPSON.

A plain, massive-looking old-fashioned silver door-plate bearing this inscription:

JERUSHA TRIGG.

The house too, wore a look of solid elegance. The lions on either side of the massive stone steps eyed the in-comer as fiercely as they had done years and years before. The pines which guarded the long, well-kept avenue sighed an old song. The gardener, the coachman, and the cook, even Miss Trigg herself, could not by any courtesy be called young.

And yet she was young—in all those qualities which go to make up eternal youth. Every one loved Jerusha Trigg. She was, and always had been the household saint of Meriville. When a mere girl, her father, a retired merchant and manufacturer, died. Tom, the only son, had run away to the wars as a drummer boy. Then her father called her, was left alone with an invalid mother. She never had any real girlhood or young ladyhood.

"I began to be old at twelve," she said to me one day, she stood cutting flowers for the sick in a charity hospital in the city of which Meriville was a suburb. "Mother would have it so, Jarrie," as

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

ITCH ON HORSE.—Please give a remedy for the itch on horses. Have used sulpher and kerosene, also lard and acetic acid.—SUBSCRIBER, Nashua, Iowa. [The first thing for you to do is: Give cathartic of raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, two drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, two ounces. After this has operated take of bicarbonate of soda, three ounces; Fowler's solution of arsenic, two drachms. Have the druggist rub them well together in a mortar, and divide into twelve powders, of which give one before meals, three times a day, either in the drinking water or made into a drench with water. Give a bran mash every night, and plenty of green food. The itching must be treated by applying the following lotion: Bicarbonate of soda, 1 ounce; Scheele's Prussic acid, 2 drachms; water, 10 ounces. Mix, and label it "poison." The parts affected should be washed with the lotion. Your horse should have the best of grooming.—ED.]

W. B. K., Ellery, Ill.—Your horse, we think, is affected with mange. First, rub the parts affected with sweet oil to loosen the scurf. After this the parts of the horse affected must be regularly soaked in hot water and soft soap, and scrubbed thoroughly afterwards, and this dressing applied every night: Flour of sulphur, two pounds; quicklime, one pound; water, two gallons. Boil together, stirring until the ingredients are combined. Bathe the parts with it several times a day. The Washing off should be done in the morning. The harness and curry-comb should not be used on any other horse, and the harness must be washed completely with carbolic acid in water (one part in 100), and exposed to the air for one week.—ED.]

CONSTANT READER, (A. W.) Your horse is troubled with specific opthalmia, or moon-blindness, which is a very obstinate thing to cure. In fact, it nearly always terminate in permanent blindness. First, give a cathartic of five grains of Barbadoes aloes, one drachm of ginger root, pulverized and made into a ball. Then apply to the eye laudanum, six drachms; rain or distilled water, one pint; mix and shake well before using. Give bran mashes only. When the bowels are opened, one of these powders night and morning on the tongue: Pulverized colchicum, two ounces; saltpetre two ounces. Divide into twelve powders. These will last a week, by which time the eye will usually become clear. Place the animal in a well ventilated stall, free from ammonial gases.—ED.

H. M. G., Lillian, Neb.—The annexed is a good cure for ring-bone: Pulverized cantharides, oils of origanum and amber, and spirits of turpentine, of each one ounce; olive oil one-half ounce; sulphuric acid, three drachms. Put all except the acid in an earthern pot, in alcohol; stir the mixture and apply the acid slowly, and continue to stir till the mixture ceases to smoke; then bottle for use. Mark the bottle "poison." Apply to the ring-bone with a sponge tied to the end of a stick, as long as it will absorb into the parts. Twenty four hours after, grease well with lard, and in 24 hours more wash with soapsuds. Apply three or four days apart, as like to cure three times. This will prevent loss of hair. In old cases the lump will not disappear, but the lameness and growth of the ring-bone will be checked. Do not let any of the mixture touch your clothing.—ED.

G. H. L., Morgan Co., Tenn.—To cure your horse of scratches if the inflammation is considerable, it should be reduced by poulticing, after which, wash parts with warm soapsuds water. Then apply powdered alum (burnt), two drachms; sulphate of zinc, 20 grains; dress with vaseline. Before each application wash with warm soapsuds water. The horse should be kept out of the dust as well as stall where the straw is wet with droppings and urine. If his system needs toning, give him half an ounce of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic every other day for a week.—ED.

V. F., Branch, Wis.—Your two-years' old colt has spints. He should at once be given regular purgative, and the leg should be fomented with water until you get the fever out of the leg, a seaton may be placed over the spot. Or you may use the following: Oil of origanum, 1 oz.; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; alcohol, ½ an oz. To be applied night and morning for a few days at a time. In new and acute cases a sharp scarifier is used to cut the skin, and the sheath of the bone freely divided. This, however, should be done by a veterinary. Many horses are affected with spints when quite young.—ED.

Mrs. J. E. C., Lafayette, Ind.:—In regard to your young chickens not feathering out such a thing frequently happens. A bird of the same breed will make slower growth and feather out more slowly at times than the others. We think you will find that it is a male bird. Give it a little raw beef, chopped fine, in which there is a sprinkle of charcoal and cayenne pepper. Every other day is sufficient. Do not stuff it with this. Give in bulk about the size of an ordinary sized hulled hickory nut. When the little fellow does get a start you will be surprised to see how rapidly he will grow. —ED.]

M. J. A., Venanga Co., Pa.—For the sprain in the face of your colt apply spirits of camphor, one ounce; vinegar, four ounces; water, one pint. After the inflammation has subsided, the vessels must be stimulated by rubbing knee with oleate of mercury. This is made by heating oleic acid and red precipitate. Your druggist will have it on hand. Take of red precipitate, one drachm; iodide of potash, two drachms; lard, two ounces. Mix at a gentle heat. However the oleonte of mercury is preferable.—ED.

J. T., Spencerville, Ind.—For your colt three years old that has ringbone on outside of the coronet, take of bin-iodide of mercury, one drachm; lard or vaseline, two ounces. Shave off the hair, and rub two parts one night for six or eight days. Then wash the parts in proof spirits. Before each application the parts affected should be washed with warm water and soap. If the desired effect is not produced, repeat the application of the ointment. If the case is an old one firing must be resorted to. This will stop the growth. Before applying the above ointment the hair should be clipped off over the parts affected and the ointment well rubbed in at each application. For lump on stifle joint use the same ointment.—ED.

The Chestnut in the West.

The pecan, walnut and shellbark are quite plentiful in this region, but I have yet to see in Illinois or the states to the west a chestnut of nature's planting. If any grow wild, they are very few, for it is well-nigh the universal opinion that the chestnut will not do well here. This opinion is entertained most strongly by those most familiar with this tree—people from Pennsylvania and Virginia. The man from Chestnut Ridge is certain that there is such a difference between our rich prairie soil and the stones mixed with a little earth of his native soil, tha a tree which does so well in the latter cannot flourish in the former. Settlers from other localities are naturally disposed to accept without questioning the statement that chestnuts of those who have been "mostly raised" on them and long used the hulls for mattresses. Hence man has been as slow as nature in growing chestnut trees. But enough have been planted to demonstrate that both the common (*Castanea vesca*) and the Spanish chestnut do remarkably well when planted here. I see frequently a Spanish chestnut tree, planted in 1869, that is now all of 30 feet high, with a stem diameter of two feet, and a top having a diameter of 40 feet. It bears well, and furnishes several children with pleasure during the winter and casts a welcome shade during the summer. It is a beautiful tree that adds to the beauty of an attractive lawn. It would be well to plant this tree more largely. For fencing, chestnut stands high, and the nuts from a grove would make a handsome addition to the income. The tree grows more rapidly here than in the stony soils of Pennsylvania.—*Illinois Cor. Country Gentleman*

Lice on Fruit Trees.

I have found an easy, safe and effectual remedy for the apple tree bark louse, which, for the information of Mr. Corwin Jack (p. 321) and your numerous readers, I will briefly describe, together with the reasoning which led to its discovery.

I found that to remove insects from my English mastiff, a little sulphur or mercury in his blood was effective. The sulphur I usually gave in his food, but the mercury I introduced by rubbing mercurial ointment upon his head and back, and letting it absorb into his blood through the skin. I applied the same reasoning to insects upon fruit trees. I knew that soft soap was effective to a certain extent, but only, as I inferred, through the potash it contained. Finding some of my valuable apple trees seriously infected with the bark louse, I bought a can of concentrated potash and dissolved it in four gallons of warm water, and then, with an old paint brush, I applied the strong liquid to the body and branches of the trees from the ground up as high as I could reach, giving to each tree a thorough and sufficient dose. Before applying it I removed the patches of rough bark with a drawing knife and a dry goods box scraper. It operated as I expected. The potash was absorbed through the bark into the sap, and so passed through the entire tree, and in three days not a louse could be seen even upon the highest branches.

The same remedy could be found a sure cure for the yellows of the peach tree. I have tried it several times and have never failed. One of my neighbors, as a remedy for yellows, used to bore holes in his fruit trees and then fill the holes with sulphur. This was a remedy as destructive as it was heroic, but I knew that the sulphur could only prove effective by being first dissolved and then absorbed by the sap, and I also knew that this could be more effectually done by washing the tree with a solution and having it absorped through the skin or bark.

The soft soap remedy is in the same line, because of the potash in the soap, but it is not strong enough to be thoroughly effective. No fear need be entertained that a pound of potash dissolved in four gallons of water will be too strong. I have dissolved a pound in two gallons of water and applied with safety to trees not thicker than my thumb.

But tell Mr. Jacks by no means to apply kerosene oil, unless he wishes to destroy his trees. Some years ago I used kerosene oil to soften some grafting wax, and I succeeded in killing every tree to which the wax was applied, although some of them were as thick as my leg.

Lime is a bad wash for trees. It dries out the bark, and makes it exceedingly brittle and unhealthy, whereas potash works just the reverse. It not only kills the fly eggs which develop into borers, but after a few applications the bark will disappear, and the body, as well as its branches, will become green and smooth. No lice will ever be discovered upon trees standing in potash soil. Insects can stand anything but anything but potash and sulphur.—*John E. Van Etten, in Country Gentleman.*

Raising Pork Cheaply.

We need more grass and clover, and less corn, upon which to make our pork. More grass and clover means cheaper growth and less disease. Just as the great corn and pork producing lands have been developed, has swine disease sprung up and increased, because our swine are given a monotonous diet of dry, oily food. Grass and clover are the foods of nature, and the swine harvest them. They require little preparation of the ground for them, and no cultivation. When pastured they build up, rather than exhaust, the land; and it can not be successfully disputed that they are essential factors in the production of the cheapest pork. Let the pigs farrowed in the spring be put on grass and clover as soon as they are fit to be grazed, and kept on them as long as they are palatable, and the result will be a pig not fat, but in good condition and thrifty, that until fall has large, fully developed muscle and a vigorous appetite for corn. And then it may be fed corn largely, for this will put fat on the large frame the pasture has made, and the hog is vigorous enough to digest the corn well; and if the hog is fatted rapidly and marketed as soon as fully fat, it is the cheapest pork that can be made—the cheapest, not counting loss from disease. But swine plague rarely invades the pasture; its favorite place of appearance is in the small lot paved with cobs and manure. The hog summered on grass and clover is so vigorous that it rarely sickens when being fattened on corn largely, but also other food, and in clean quarters with pure water.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

Dandelion as a Salad.

Dandelion is a wholesome vegetable used as salad or simply like spinach. For salad, use only the delicate young leaves, just after they appear among the grass. For cooking, either the young or full-grown leaves may be used. Clean and wash the leaves well, as there is usually fine sand or earth between them, and let them stand in cold water for two hours. Drain them, and boil rapidly in boiling salted water, and boil for twenty minutes, if young, and half an hour if full grown. Put the leaves in a colander, and press them to extract all the water, and then chop them fine. Put in a stewpan 2 ounces of butter to 2 quarts of leaves, and set it over a brisk fire. As soon as the butter is melted, sprinkle in a tablespoonful of flour and mix well with it. Add the chopped dandelion, stir until thoroughly heated, and then moisten with broth or milk, and serve.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A Remedy for the Cut Worms.

The best and indeed the only practical remedy for cut-worms of all kinds is to feed them upon poisoned leaves. Cabbage or turnip leaves, tender grass, etc., wet with water, sweetened with paris green at the rate of a tablespoonful of the green to a bucket of water, or one pound to 100 gallons of water, may be strewn over the surface of the land, especially along the rows where it is desirable to set plants. They may be placed in rows 10 or 15 feet apart, with bunches of the green and yellow food or two bushels 10 or 15 feet apart in the row. The worms will come to the surface and feed upon this tender green food which will kill them. Or the leaves may be dusted with a mixture of one part of paris green to 20 parts of flour or plaster, carefully placing the dusted surface next to the ground. Two such applications, especially in cloudy weather at intervals of three or four days will generally suffice to allow the cut worms to make way with themselves. Prof. Riley originated this remedy. He uses fresh cut clover sprinkled with Paris green water, and laid at intervals between the rows of plants as it is desired to protect. The clover is in loosely tied masses or balls, which serve the double purpose of prolonging the use of the bait, and affording a lure for shelter.—*N. E. Homestead.*

Preserving Eggs.

The common way of preserving them is to put them, when perfectly fresh, into lime water, made by slaking lime in the usual way, and adding water to it until it is about like cream. This is left to settle, the clear liquid is drawn off, the eggs are carefully slipped into it, and when the vessel is nearly full a cloth is laid over the eggs and covered with two inches of the thick lime, after which the water is poured over it and kept at least one inch deep. There are several variations of this process, using salt, borax, cream of tartar, etc., with the lime, but they do not differ greatly. Another process, given and vouched for by one of our liveliest poultry papers, is called the sulphur process. It consists in placing the eggs in a close box or building and filling them to the fumes of burning sulphur for half an hour. They are then taken out and packed, small end down, in oats or similar material. If the packing be also subjected to the process, it will be all the better. Eggs, meat or any thing "sulphurized" are said to keep perfectly for a year. We have packed eggs in August in pure bran and find them keep like fresh eggs, but they must be kept in a cool place, and it must be dry, or the bran will mold, and impart a musty taste to the eggs. Preserved eggs will sell, in time of scarcity, very readily, for only two or three cents less than fresh eggs, and double or trebie the price that could be obtained for them in the summer.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Early Brood.

Do not open hives in a strong and cold wind.

The less increase the more honey, as a rule.

A high temperature is necessary for brood raising.

Be always on the lookout to prevent and immediately stop robbing.

In spring, when colonies are building up, bees are less disposed to sting.

Spring management is second only in importance to winter preparation.

Our success as honey producers depends upon the worth of our queens.

Your best queen should have sufficient bees to enable them to lay their full capacity.

Enlarge brood chambers and give empty combs as required, but keep well crowded and warmly covered.

For spring feeding, honey is more stimulating than sugar syrup, but is more liable to cause robbing. Warm food is most effective.

Japanese buckwheat is highly recommended as a honey plant. It was introduced in this country in 1884 by Peter Henderson, of New York.

Some prefer to give a good feed once in several days or a week, in which case it should not be very thin. If a small quantity is given daily, it should be quite thin and should not be omitted.

At this season, says a British bee-keeper, "meddle as little as possible, meddle as much as necessary, but always see to it above all things that the bees never for one hour are short of food right up to the time of the clover glut."

A bee keeper who has been very successful in building up weak colonies in the spring places hot bricks wrapped in cloths over the frame each morning and evening. Thus a few bees are enabled to rear considerable brood.

—"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Richter, "ring clear through Heaven like a bell." One of these deeds is delivering human sufferings. "Last fall my daughter was in decline," says Mrs. Mary Hinson, of Montrose, Kansas, "and everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured her." Such facts as the above need no comment.

DR. TALMAGE TO THE SOLDIERS.

The Importance of Strict Discipline in the Army—The Days of 1862 Vividly Contrasted with the Days of 1887.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29.—Soldiers of the National drill listened this afternoon to a sermon by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. Soldiers from thirty-one states and territories were present, and nineteen governors and their staffs. Dr. Talmage's texts were:

Fifty thousand which could keep rank.—(I. Chronicles, xii., 33.

Every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss.—(Judges, xx., 15.

He said: Companies of infantry, cavalry, artillery and zouaves, please notice the first Scripture passage applauds the soldiers of Zegulun because they were disciplined troops. They may have been insufficient at the start and laughed at by old soldiers because they seemed so clumsy in the line; but it was drill, drill, until they could keep step as one man.

Fifty thousand which could keep rank.

The second Scripture passage applauds a regiment of slingers in the tribe of Benjamin because they are dexterous marksmen. When they first enlisted they may have been an awkward squad, and all their fingers were thumbs, but they practiced until when they aimed at a mark they always hit it.

Every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss.

Both texts combining to show us that if we must fight we should do it well.

There is something absorbing in the military science of the Bible. In olden times all the men between 20 and 50 years of age were enrolled in the army, and then a levy was made for a special service. There were really but three or four classes exempt—those who had built a house and had not occupied it; those who had planted a garden and had not reaped the fruit of it; those who were engaged to be married and yet had not led the bride to the altar; those who were so nervous that they could not look upon blood but they fainted.

The army was in three divisions—the center and right and left wings. The weapons of defense were helmet, shield, breastplate, buckler. The weapons of offense were sword, spear, javelin, arrow, catapult—which was merely a bow swung by machinery, shooting arrows at vast distances, great arrows, one arrow as large as several men could lift, and ballista, which was a sling swung by machinery, hurling great rocks and large pieces of lead to vast distances. The fields were made of woven willow-work, with three thicknesses of hide and a loop inside through which the arm of the warrior might be thrust; and when these soldiers were marching to attack an enemy on the level all these shields touched each other, making a wall moving but impenetrable; and when they attacked a fortress and tried to capture a battlement this shield was lifted over the head so as to resist the falling missiles. The breastplate was made of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other falling over the back. At the side of the warrior the two pieces fastened with buttons or clasps. The bows were so stout and stiff and strong that warriors often challenged each other to bend one. The strings of the bow were made from the sinews of oxen. A case like an inverted pyramid was fastened to the back, that case containing the arrows, so that when the warrior wanted to use an arrow he would put his arm over his shoulder and pull forth the arrow for the fight. The ankle of the foot had an iron boot. When a fortress was to be assaulted a battering-ram was brought up. A battering-ram was a great beam swung on chains in equilibrium. The battering-ram would be brought close up to the wall and then a great number of men would take hold of this beam, push it back as far as they could and then let go, and the beam became a great swinging pendulum of destruction.

Twenty or forty men would stand in a movable tower on the back of an elephant, the elephant made drunk with wine, and then headed toward the enemy, and what with the heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and the poisoned arrows shot from the movable tower, the destruction was appalling. War chariots were in vogue, and they were on two wheels so they could easily turn. A sword was fastened to the pole between the horses, so when they went ahead the sword thrust and when they turned around it would mow down. The armies carried flags beautifully embroidered. The tribe of Judah carried a flag embroidered with a lion; the tribe of Dan, embroidered with a man; tribe of Dan, embroidered with cherubim. The noise of the host as they moved on was overwhelming. What with the clatter of shields and the rumbling of wheels and the shouts of the captains, and the vociferations of the entire host, it resembled the roar of the sea, the roaring of the sea. Because the arts of war have been advancing all these years you are not to conclude that these armies of olden times were an uncontrollable mob. I could quote you four or five passages of Scripture showing you that they were thoroughly drilled; they marched step to step, shoulder to shoulder, or, as my texts expressed it, they were

Fifty thousand which could keep rank, and every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss.

Nothing could be more important than this great national encampment. Undrilled troops can never stand before those which are drilled. At a time when other nations are preparing such colossal military tactics, it behooved this nation to lack nothing in skill. We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can gnaw something off of it. We are floating off further and further from the possibility of sectional strife, but about foreign invasion I am not so sure. There is absolutely no room on this continent for any other nation. I have been across the country again and again, and I know that we have not a half inch of ground that any gouty czar and foreign despotism to stand on. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations who could hardly keep their hands off of us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes it much longer it will be the exception. If a foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812, and like those who fought all up and down the coast, and Paulask and Fort Sumpter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton, men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generations on the stage of action will say:

"My country will care for my family as they did the soldiers' asylums for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honors those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year, at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go, for God and my country."

If foreign foe should ever come all sectional animosities, all sectional distinctions will then go our regiments into battle, side by side, 15th New York Volunteers, 10th Alabama Cavalry, 14th Pennsylvania Riflemen, 10th Massachusetts Artillery, 7th South Carolina Sharpshooters. I have no faith in the cry: "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other; each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the base, the alto, the tenor, the soprano in the grand march of the Union.

I congratulate you, the officers and soldiers of the national encampment, that if a foreign foe should attack us we would be ready, and there would be millions of the drilled men of North and South, like the men of my first text, which could keep rank, and like the men of my second text that would not miss a hair-breadth.

At this national drill, when 31 states of the Union are represented, and between the decorations of the graves of the Southern dead, which took place a few days ago, and the decorations of the graves of the Northern dead, which shall take place tomorrow, I would stir the Christian patriotism and gratitude, not only of this soldiery here present, but of all the people, by putting before them the difference between these times, when the soldiers of all sections meet in peace, and the times when they met in contest. Contrast the feeling of sectional bitterness in 1862 with the feeling of sectional unity in 1887. At the first date the land had vanished the nationality of the "The Star Spangled Banner," and the North had banished the popular air of "Way Down South in Dixie." The Northern people were 'mudsills' and the Southern people were 'white trash.' The more Southern people were killed in battle, the better the North liked it, and the more Northern people were killed in battle, the better the South liked it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth a million dollars, if delivered on either side the line. No need now, standing in our pulpits and platforms, of saying that the North and South did not hate each other. To estimate how dearly they loved each other, count up the bombshells that were hurled, and the carbines that were loaded, and the cavalry horses that were mounted; North and South facing each other, all armed, in the attempt to kill. The two sections not only marshaled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword of heaven, and the prayers of the Northern and Southern pulpits gave more information to the heavens about the best mode of settling this question than was ever used. For four years both sides tried to get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war, we had not for months heard of any dear uncle, Samuel J. Talmage, president of the Oglethorpe University, in Georgia. He was about the grandest man I ever knew, and as good as good could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in the Confederate Congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York papers, which prayer, if answered, would, to say the least, have left all his Northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the North prayed one way and the ministry at the South prayed the other way. No use in hiding the fact that the North and the South hated each other with a withering and all-consuming curse.

Beside that antipathy of war time I place the complete accord of this time. Not long ago a meeting in New York was held to raise money to build a home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, the meeting presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the Northern side, and the leg not lost so hurt that it does not amount to much. The Cotton Exhibition held not long ago in Atlanta was attended by tens of thousands of Northern people, and by Gen. Sherman, who was greeted with kindness, as though they had never seen him before. At the New Orleans Exhibition, held two years ago, every Northern state was represented. A thousand fold kindlier feeling after the war than before the war. No more use of gunpowder in this country, except for rifle practice or Fourth of July pyrotechnics, or a shot at a roebuck in the Adirondacks. Brigadier generals in the Southern Confederacy making their fortunes as lawyers in the Northern cities. Rivers of Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina turning the mills of New England capitalists. The old lions of war—Forts Sumter, and Moultrie, and Lafayette, and Pickens, and Hamilton, sound asleep on their iron paws, and instead of raising money to keep enemies out of our New York harbor, raising money to build a statue on Bedloe's Island, figure of Liberty with unlifted torch to light the way to all who want to come in. Instead of war antipathies, when you could not pass the line between the contestants without fighting your way with keen steels, or getting through by passes carefully scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you need only a railroad ticket from New York to Charleston or New Orleans to go clear through, and there is no use for any weapon sharper or stronger than a steel pen. Since the years of time began their roll began has there ever been in about two decades such an overwhelming alithesis as between the war time of complete bitterness and this time of complete sympathy? Contrast also the domestic life of those times with the domestic life of these times. Many of you are either leaving home or far away from it, communicating by uncertain letter. What a morning that was when you left home! Father and mother crying, sisters crying, you smiling outside, but crying inside. Everybody nervous and excited. Boys of the blue and gray; when after you started from the banks of the Hudson, or the Savannah, or the Androscoggin, don't you remember the scenes at the front door, at the rail car window, on the steamboat landings. The huzza could not drown out the suppressed sadness. Don't you remember those charges to write home often, and take good care of yourself, be good boys, and the good-by kiss which they thought, and you thought, might be forever? Then the homesickness as you pace on the river bank on a starlight night on picket duty, and the sly tears which you wiped off when you heard a group at the camp-fire singing the plantation song about the old folks at home. The dinner of hard tack on Thanksgiving Day, the Christmas without any presents, and the long nights in the hospital so different from the sickness when you were at home with mother and sister at the bedside and the clock in the hall giving the exact moment for the medicine; and that forced march, when your legs ached, and your head ached, and your wounds ached, and more than all your heart ached. Homesickness which had in it a solfocation and a pang worse than death. You never got hardened as did the Guardsman in the Crimean war who heartlessly wrote home to his mother:

I do not want to see any more crying letters come to the Crimea from you. Those I have received I have consigned to the lowest depths, and have fired them at the Russians, because you appear to have a strong dislike of them. If you had seen as many killed as I have you would not have as many weak ideas as you now have.

You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in the American war there was generally a careful package containing a Bible, a few photographs and letters from home. On the other hand tens of thousands of homes waited for news. Parents saying: "Twenty thousand killed! I wonder if our boy was among them." Fainting dead away in postoffices and telegraph stations. Both the ears of God filled with the sobs and agonies of kindred waiting news, or dropping under the announcement of bad news. Speak, swamps of the Chickahominy, and midnight lagoons and fireflashes of the Mississippi, and gunboats before Vicksburg, and weeks of Antietam, and tell to all the mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes of North and South, jeremiads of war times that have never been syllabled.

Besides that domestic pertubation and homesickness of those days put the sweet domesticity of to-day. The only camp-fire you now sit at is the one kindled in the stove or furnace of hearth. Instead of a half-ration of salt pork, a repast luxuriant because partaken of by loving family circle and in secret confidence. O, now I see who those letters were for, the letters you, the young soldier, took so long in your tent to write, and that you were so particular to put the seal on. Wherefore are you seeing you lest you be teased by your comrades. God spared you to get back, and though the old people have gone you have a home of your own construction, and you often contrast those awful absences and filial and brotherly and loverly heartbreaks with your present residence, which is the dearest place you will find this side of heaven. The place where your children were born is the place where you want to die. To write the figures of 1862 I set up type by the thousands of years. To write the figures of 1887 I stand up four members of your household, figures of rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, if I can get them to stand still long enough.

Contrast also the religious opportunities of twenty years ago with now. Often on the march from Sunday morn till night, or commanded by officers who considered the names of God and Christ of no use except to swear by. Sometimes the drum-head the pulpit, and your standing in the heat or cold, all the surroundings of military life having a tendency to make you reckless. No privacy for prayer or Bible reading. No sound of church bells. Sabbath spent far away from the peace where you were brought up. Now the choicest sanctuaries, each one of all Christian surroundings, the air full of God and Christ, and heaven and doxology. Three mountains lifting themselves into the holy light—Mount Sinai thundering its law, Mount Calvary pleading the sacrifice, Mount Pisgah displaying the Promised Land.

Contrast of national condition: 1862, spending money by the millions in devastation of property and life; 1887, the finances so reconstructed that all the stock gamblers of Wall street combined cannot make a national panic; 1862, surgeons of the land setting broken bones, and amputating gangrened limbs, and studying gunshot fractures, and trying easy ambulances for the wounded and dying; 1887, surgeons giving their attentions to those in casualty of agriculture, of commerce or mechanical life, the rushing of the ambulance through our streets, not suggesting battle, but quick relief of some one fallen in peaceful industries; 1862, 35,000,000 inhabitants in this land; 1887, 60,000,000; 1862, wheat about 80,000,000 bushels; 1887, the wheat will be about 500,000,000 bushels; 1862, Pacific coast five weeks from the Atlantic; 1887, for three reasons—Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Northern Pacific—only seven days across. Look at the long line of churches, universities, asylums and homes, with which during the last few years this land has been decorated.

Living soldiers of the North and South, take a new and special ordination at this season of the year, to garland the sepulchres of your fallen comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the public parks and the national cemeteries into gardens. Ye dead of Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor, and Murfreesboro, and Manassas Junction, and Cumberland Gap, and field hospital, receive these floral offerings of the living soldiers.

But they shall come again, all the dead troops. We are reminded of it by these military reviews, such as took place in Paris in the time of Marshal Ney, in London in the time of Wellington, and in our own land, but what tame things compared with the final review, when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection. St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I don't know how many of the old cavalry horses of earthly battle, that were wounded and worn out in service, may have resurrection. It would be only fair that, raised up and ennobled, they should be resurrected for the grand review of the Judgment Day. It would not take any more power to reconstruct their bodies than to reconstruct ours, and I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last judgment. They come up—all the armies of all lands and all centuries, on whichever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, for the right or the wrong. They come! They come! Darius and Cyrus, and Sennacherib, and Joshua, and David, leading forth the armies of Scripture times; Hannibal and Hamilcar leading forth the armies of the Carthagenians; Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians; Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan following the armies of Asia; Gustavus Adolphus, and Paponey Philopatter, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Semiramis, and Washington, leading battalion after battalion. The dead American armies of 1776 and 1812 and 1,000,000 of Northern and Southern dead in our civil war—they come up; they pass on to review. The 6,000,000 fallen in the Napoleonic battles; the 12,000,000 Germans fallen in the Thirty Years' War; the 15,000,000 fallen in the war under Sesostris; the 20,000,000 fallen in the wars of Justinian; the 25,000,000 fallen in Jewish wars; the 80,000,000 fallen in the Crusades; the 48,000,000 fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks; the 1,000,000,000 estimated to have fallen in battle—enough, according to one statistician, if they stood four abreast, to reach clear around the earth 442 times.

But we shall have time to see them pass in review before the throne of judgment, the cavalrymen, the artillerymen, the spearmen, the infantry, the sharpshooters, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skirmishers, men of all colors, of all epaulets, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be especially balanced to bear their load. Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand march, joined by all the fifers, drummers and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Eylau or Borodino, Marathon or Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill or Yorktown, Solferino or Balaklava, Sedan or Gettysburg, from the time when Joshua halted astronomy above Gibeon and Ajalon till the last man surrendered to Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir. Nations, companies, battalions, ages, centuries and the universe! Forward in the grand review of the Judgment! Forward! Gracious and eternal God! On that day may it be found that we are all marching in the right regiment and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right Commander, all heaven, some on mouldystine battlement and others standing in the shining gates, some on pearly shore and others on turreted heights, giving us the resounding, million-voiced cheer:

Lo, him that overcometh!

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen!

News of the Week.

SHERMAN IN ILLINOIS.

A Rousing Address to the Illinois Legislators Yesterday Afternoon.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 2.—Bad weather interfered with the Sherman reception on Wednesday, making it impracticable and unnecessary to abandon the outdoor demonstration. At 2 o'clock the committee decided to remove to the shelter of the state house, and the crowd surged and pressed for entrance to the assembly chamber. In a short time 2,000 people crowded into the galleries, capable ordinarily of holding 500. The ladies were favored, to the number of 1,500 were admitted to the floor of the house.

As Senator Sherman, accompanied by Governor Oglesby, Senators Cullom and Farwell, state officers and members of the managing committee, entered the hall at 2:40 p. m., there was loud and continued applause. Senator Sherman was introduced by Governor Oglesby, and began speaking at 10 minutes before 3 o'clock. His speech was a comparison of the records and the performances of the Democratic and Republican parties from their origin until the present time. Mr. Sherman asked:

With what feeling the returning soldiers would have received the prophecy that, within twenty years the same elements of hostility to the Union cause, the same alliance between Confederate and Northern democracy, would be in possession of the Presidential office and in substantial control of the government; that the slaves, though nominally free, were deprived, by unlawful means, of all political power and their numbers built up a white basis of representation for their former owners. Who could believe that such could be the result? And what a mockery of justice, what a reproach to our patriotism, what a shame to our loyal people would it be!

"As to the feeling and policy of the Republican party at that time he said that it was not the triumph of victory but the sense of gratitude that we had preserved our country's unity for the motives of defeated Confederates, with the firm conviction that they would share with us all the blessings of a strong and united people, and continue to the Republican party and no blood after the war was over, under the confiscations, provided no punishments. It said to the Confederate soldier, Go home and sin no more. There was a universal desire among Republicans for the restoration of the Rebel States to their old place in the Union with no conditions except such as would secure a faithful observance of the laws of the United States. Its first step was the adoption by the several states of the Thirteenth amendment. The second step was to put an end to the doctrine of secession by the fourteenth amendment, as broad and liberal a proposition in favor of human liberty and human rights as ever was framed by man.

A series of measures were then, from time to time, adopted by Congress, among which were the gradual repeal of internal taxes, the reduction of the public debt, the pensions to Union soldiers, a revision of the tariff laws carefully framed to continue the protection and encouragement of American industry. The Pacific railroads, which the English government was compelled to make restitution for the work of her cruisers. The interest of the debt was enormously reduced by the process of refunding, and, finally, by the resumption of specie payments, our currency was placed on the coin basis. This series of measures, solely the work of the Republican party, rapidly made good the waste of war, and put the country upon the road of unexampled progress and prosperity.

In what spirit was this met by the Democracy?

What language can express the cruel and barbarous atrocity of the controlling elements of the South in their treatment of Republicans, both white and black, but more of the freedmen who had been invested by constitutional amendments, with liberty and political rights. Taking advantage of the defection of Andrew Jackson and his reconstruction policy they commenced with a war against even the freedmen liberty of speech and of the press, and even the personal freedom and protection allowed by the laws of the most despotic powers in Europe to the meanest serf, followed by wholesale assassination of unarmed and undisciplined negroes inflicted by secret, organized and disguised bands, using all the agencies of terror and superstition that could affect the mind of such a race, and continued with such success that in ten years after the war the freedmen of the South could not, as a rule, vote wherever there vote would change the result, they could hold no office, and were cheated and robbed and murdered with impunity.

This intimidation was, in many places, especially in the far south, extended to white Republicans of character and influence, driven from some Confederate soldiers, who resisted as far as they could these atrocities, and were branded with opprobrious epithets, tabooed and ostracised, and, in some cases, murdered. Does any man deny this? All this and more, in the hideous detail, was proven before committees of Congress, was reported by officers of the army, and evidenced by every form of proof known to courts, and, in many cases, was admitted by the press and people of the South and defended. This is the basis of their power. Without the terror and ostracism I have described, several of these states, overrun by their inferiors and ex-convicts, enlightened by free discussion, emancipated in fact as well as in name would be as thoroughly Republican as Illinois.

"It is said that this is raising the bloody shirt; renewing the animosities of the war. I deny it. The charge is an unjust reproach of Confederate soldiers. What I speak of is not the work of soldiers, but of cowards and assassins, not in war but in peace. I pity the man who can not distinguish between the duty of soldiers and self-imposed cruelties and barbarous methods born of slavery. What has been the purpose of the Democratic party of the South while these events have been going on? At first there was doubt and denial, but now no honest man can doubt, unless wilfully ignorant. No Democrat with a spark of manhood will palliate these methods can shield himself behind doubt or disbelief. And this is not a thing of the past. It is a continuing fact. It is a fact to-day.

"There is not an intelligent man in this broad land of either party who does not know that Mr. Cleveland is now President of the United States by virtue of crimes against the elective franchise, including murder, perjury, ballot-box stuffing, forgery and perjury, but for which James G. Blaine would be in his place. There has not been a moment since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment when, if there could be a fair election for president, a majority of the constitutional voters of at least five of the Southern states would not have voted for the Republican nominee. The poison of the Democratic party has infected the body politic of the election in some of the great cities of the North, especially in Chicago and Cincinnati, where, under the lead of Mackin and Tooney, the criminal classes adopted some of the means of the crimes to control elections.

Why should they not? If the crime should be resorted to by white Democrats of the South to cheat and intimidate poor negroes in the South, why should not white Democrats of the North be permitted to resort to forgery and perjury to peacefully change the result of an election in the North? Why discriminate against Mackin and Tooney by sending them to the penitentiary while sending Democrats of the South, by means of like offenses, to the Senate and the House and to represent the great Republic in foreign courts? But, it is said that the Republican party was in power while these crimes were committed; why did it not prevent or punish them? This question should be fairly and frankly answered. When, by the defection of Andrew Johnson, the South was encouraged to commence the policy of intimidation, the Republican party was utterly helpless to resist it. It was during his administration, and with the sympathy of the Democratic party,

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Emperor William is confined to his room with a cold.

Queen Kapolonia has been received with great ceremony in London.

The probabilities of an extra session are becoming stronger daily.

Senator Sherman made a ringing speech to the Illinois Legislature.

The Dakota insane asylum trustees are $20,000 short and two have resigned.

Postmaster General Vilas denies that he will help Grover "swing 'round the circle."

Prof. Wm. H. Woolery, Bethany college, has been elected president of Hiram college.

A strong effort is on foot to depose Powderly from the leadership of the Knights of Labor.

Emperor Francis Joseph and Emperor William are certain to meet at Gastein this year.

Down in Kentucky a white woman is to be sold to the highest bidder to pay a Police court fine.

The ailment of the crown prince, Frederick William, is pronounced to be a non-malignant growth.

The department of agriculture at Washington is taking steps toward stamping out pleuro-pneumonia.

The Protestant Episcopalians of New York propose erecting a grand cathedral at a cost of six millions of dollars.

Ex-State Senator Grady, of New York, commends Editor O'Brien for not endorsing Henry George's land theories.

The Queen has added thanks for the jubilee congratulation sent by the International Sunday School convention.

Gladstone, at Swansea, Wales, was enthusiastically welcomed. He made six short speeches in reply to addresses.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding very quietly at Saranac, N. Y.

The Queen, in commemoration of her jubilee, will order the release of all military prisoners confined for petty offenses.

The sensational feature this week in the Sharp trial, is the charge that the prosecution is tampering with the jury.

The United Labor party which advocates the doctrines of Henry George, makes social entertainments one of its strong features.

The rumor is being verified that President Cleveland will swing around the circle this summer and engineer a little second term boom.

Rev. Granville Moody, the famous Ohio chaplain known as the "fighting parson," is dead, from injuries received in a runaway accident.

England must be alarmed at the American discussion of the Irish question, as a number of detectives have been sent over here to watch matters.

Rev. Dr. Reed, who left Manson, Iowa, last winter, to become a missionary in Central Africa, has been killed and eaten by a tribe of cannibals.

Mr. Parnell has returned to London much improved by his sojourn at the seaside. He has summoned a meeting of his party for Monday to discuss the further amendments to the coercion bill.

Chauncey M. Depew, the railway magnate, denies that he is going to England to speak on Home Rule. He regards the temperance question as one of the important features of the next Presidential campaign.

The final vote on local option in the Michigan legislature for counties, has been taken, showing 47 in favor and 47 against. This is four short of the required majority to carry. The bill will be reconsidered.

A circular has been sent to the members of the Wesleyan church asking their opinion of the English governments Irish coercion bill. Sixty-nine per cent. of those who received the circular condemned the measure.

The secretary of the treasury has appointed George H. French chief of a division of the second comptroller's office. Mr. French has been in the office for many years, and his promotion is in the line of the civil service reform.

A Ben Butler club has been formed in Boston. Gen. Butler in a brief speech thanked the members for the expression of good will. He could not see any political field for them. He had no intention to enter politics again unless an emergency should demand it.

All the Council Bluffs, Ia., hotel keepers have been summoned to show why injunctions should not be granted against them. All the owners of property where enjoined saloons are still running and being arrested and fined under bonds of $200. The petitions for injunctions include all saloons, wholesale houses, and breweries in the city.

THE GROWING PLANTS.

The Weather the Past Week and the Condition of the Farming Products.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The signal office weather and crop bulletin for the week says: Temperature—The weather has been cooler than the average for this week in all agricultural districts west of the Rocky Mountains.

In Ohio, the lower Missouri Valley, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina and the eastern portion of New England the deficiency of the temperature in the daily average has been about five degrees.

The temperature has been slightly in excess of the normal in Oregon and Northern California, while in Central and Southern California it was about the average.

The temperature for the season from January 1 to June 4, 1887, differs but slightly from the normal except in the northern and southern states bordering on the Atlantic coast, while the average daily excess in the cotton region ranges from one to two degrees.

Rainfall—During the week the rainfall has been generally in excess in the states east of the Mississippi river, in Louisiana, Eastern Texas, Southern Missouri and Eastern Kansas. Slight deficiencies are reported in the upper Mississippi valley, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota, and Nebraska, but numerous and well distributed showers occurred throughout the grain regions of the Northwest. The cotton region has been favored during the week by an excess of rainfall, ranging from one to two inches in Louisiana, Mississippi, Northern Alabama, South Carolina and Georgia. Although there is a large seasonal deficiency of precipitation in these states, these recent rains appear to have been very beneficial to growing crops, owing to their timely occurrence in favorable distribution.

The weather during the week has apparently proved favorable for growing crops. Needed rain occurred throughout the wheat and corn regions, excepting in portions of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, where light showers occurred. Telegraphic reports received this morning, show that showers occurred during the past eight hours and are likely to continue during the next 48 hours in the states above named.

General rains and cool weather in the bay and tobacco regions on the shores of the Atlantic coast and in the Ohio valley are reported favorable for those crops. The weather was apparently favorable for all growing crops throughout the South, although reports from sections of Tennessee and Mississippi show that the crops were injured by hail in some sections of those states.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—The following crop summary will appear in this week's issue of the *Farmer's Review:*

Eighteen counties in Illinois report an average of 87 per cent.; ten counties report injury from drouth and insects.

Seventeen counties in Indiana report an average condition of 85 per cent.; five counties report injury by insects.

Fifteen counties in Ohio report an average of 70 per cent., and some damages by insects.

Nine Michigan counties report an average of 89 per cent., with some injuries from drouth, nine from insects.

Seventeen Missouri counties give an average of 96 per cent.

Ten counties in Kentucky report an average of 87 per cent.

Kansas falls behind, nine counties giving an average of 58 per cent. Elk county reports "all plowed up." Lincoln a "total failure," and Phillips "very poor." There is very general complaint of injury by insects.

Four Iowa counties report an average of 97 per cent.

Ten counties in Wisconsin gives an average of 76 per cent. The condition of spring wheat in nine counties of Wisconsin is 90 per cent., with some injury by drouth and insects. Eight counties in Minnesota average 88 per cent., seven counties in Dakota average 99 per cent., twelve in Nebraska 87, and four in Iowa 83 per cent.

The corn states report the condition above the average with but few exceptions.

Oats show an average acreage and condition. Meadows and pastures as a rule are reported injured by lack of rain earlier in the season, but now on the gain.

Potatoes and fruit promise fair crops as a rule.

LOUISVILLE, June 6.—Special reports are published from over one hundred counties in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Indiana, Alabama and Mississippi, relating to the condition of farming. Labor is stated as ample for all purposes. The recent drop in the city for leaf tobacco has resulted in many Kentucky producers abandoning its cultivation this season.

Indications point to such an extent of damage that there will be few peaches, and only about half a crop of apples. Wheat, corn and the other cereals promise an average yield.

Thirty reports from Georgia agree in the belief that cold weather has ruined the fruit there. There is a general complaint of drouth, to which is attributed the retarded growth of corn.

The Woman will be Hanged.

NEW YORK, June 3.—Shortly after noon to-day sentence of death was imposed on Mrs. Chiari Cignarale, who was convicted of murder in the first degree for the shooting of her husband. She was condemned to be hanged in the Tombs prison yard on Friday, July 22, next.

OUR FINANCES.

The Public Debt Statement for the Month of May.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued Monday:

Debt Bearing Interest.

Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,800,150
Three per cents	19,716,500
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	175,650
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,086,315,512
Interest	11,709,163
Total	$1,098,024,975

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 6,541,205
Interest	196,107
	$ 6,737,403

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,146
Certificates of deposit	8,990,000
Gold certificates	90,960,977
Silver certificates	130,143,328
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,947,322
Principal	$ 592,779,773

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,685,636,880
Interest	11,905,271
Total	$1,697,542,151

Deductions.

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 277,308,997
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,320,233,154

Recapitulation.

Net cash in the treasury	$23,951,692
Debt less cash in the treasury June 1, 1887	$1,296,281,462
Debt less cash in the treasury May 1, 1887	1,305,170,459
Decrease of debt during month	$ 8,888,997
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1886	92,854,921

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 90,960,977
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	139,143,328
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	8,990,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	18,446,566
Cash held for bonds called not matured and balance of interest	19,766,061
Fractional currency	2,064
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 277,308,997

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 27,064,742
Minor coin	143,571
Total	$ 27,208,314
Certificates held as cash	37,800,522
Net cash balance on hand	23,951,692
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$ 466,269,526

THE COMMONERS.

Their Wives and Sweethearts Participate in the Political Meetings.

NEW YORK, June 3.—[Special wire.]—While the speeches of Dr. McGlynn and Henry George have attracted a great deal of attention from the general public since the surprising exhibition of strength shown by the new political party at the last election in this city, the fact that the party of which these two men are the leading spokesmen is organized thoroughly in every assembly and perhaps in every election district, and that meetings to the number of some 40 or more are held every month, will surprise most people.

The business meetings do not differ widely from those of any other organization. New members are admitted, reports concerning organization and other work made and debate is usually lively and vigorous. In fact, there appears to be a perfect mania for debate and inquiry in many of the assemblies. Many members are so desperately alarmed lest a new machine may be constructed and new bosses be evolved that it is almost impossible to carry the most trifling measure without elaborate explanation and protracted debate.

The most remarkable feature of the new movement, however, is that may be called its social side. If a member of any district association in the Democratic or Republican party were to go to a regular meeting of his organization accompanied by his wife and children his appearance would be the occasion for unrestrained amazement. Yet this is precisely what the members of the new party do, and they seem to regard the custom as natural and proper, as though it were sanctioned by tradition and long usage.

In some districts women even participate in business meetings and take part in debate. This does not, however, appear to be the general custom.

But every district holds what it calls its "entertainment" as frequently as it holds its business meetings. The members of the new party take their wives, sisters and sweethearts, and even their children, to their political gatherings, and oratory, music and recitation take the place often held by beer and tobacco as the attractions at ordinary party meetings. Drinking and smoking, by tacit consent, is practically forbidden at the labor meetings.

A piano is almost as necessary as a secretary's table to the proper furnishing of a permanent district headquarters for the United Labor party, and this instrument is the center of attraction on "entertainment" evenings.

The whole movement is one unique in our political and social affairs, and will amply repay study. That it is a serious factor in state, and possibly in national politics, seems certainly apparent at a glance.

"The new party declares that it has come to stay," said one of its leaders yesterday. "It is as propagandist and doctrinaire as the old Abolition party, and like that, it has fortified the enthusiasm of men by the zeal and encouragement of women. It is, moreover, organized for practical political work, and is meeting the expenses of organization out of the pockets of its members, most of whom are men earning but moderate wages."

ENGLISH DETECTIVES.

They Are Reported to be Present and Watching the Irish Movements.

ST. LOUIS, June 3.—[Special wire.]—Some time ago the Irish societies of St. Louis were considerably stirred up over a report that a number of British detectives had landed in New York, and later it was reported that about a dozen of them had come as far west as St. Louis.

No one seemed to know just what their mission was, but recently, according to the statement of a prominent participant in all Irish matters, a lot of correspondence, purporting to be letters or reports from the detectives, has come into hands they were never intended to reach.

One of the letters, and the most important one, is dated Washington, May 12. It is addressed to Sir Charles Nelson and signed James Bradie. It begins by saying: "I send you budget of letters, reports, etc., which will show you how affairs are going."

This, of course, refers to the letters and reports mentioned above. Then the letter will have to give them of the twelve Englishmen are working—four in St. Louis, three in Kansas City, and four in Leadville and Denver. The writer is sure some sort of demonstration is to be made June 21, and asks that a strict watch be kept on No. 28 Grove street, Oxford road.

Another letter, dated New York, May 3, and signed James Tolling, says the whole strength of the Fenian Brotherhood in the United States is 8,000 and they have a revenue of $1,000 a month; that O'Donovan Rossa's expulsion was only a pretense and he is still a member. Much more of what purports to be facts concerning the Fenian Brotherhood are given.

W. A. WHEELER DEAD.

Another of the Ex-Vice Presidents of the United States Passes Away.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., June 4.—Hon. William A. Wheeler died at his home in Malone at 10:10 this morning. He remained in a comatose state during the night and passed peacefully away without a sign of recognition of those around him.

Fire Waste for May.

NEW YORK, June 7.—The *Daily Commercial-Bulletin*, in its monthly fire record, places the losses for May at $10,636,500. These figures are $2,500,000 larger than the average figures for May during the past twelve years, and larger than those of May, 1886, by $3,636,500.

The total fire waste for the first five months of 1887 amounts to $51,886,500, against $44,150,000 for the corresponding period of 1886. The losses do not include forest fires.

TO DEPOSE POWDERLY.

A Bitter Strife Coming to the Surface in the Knights of Labor Organizations.

CHICAGO, June 2.—At last night's meeting of D. A. 24, a secret circular from Philadelphia was read, officially notifying the Chicago Knights of the expulsion of D. A. 126 and warning them against receiving any traveling or transfer cards from that assembly.

The district was not expelled, such action being unconstitutional. No action was taken and the document was very coldly received.

Another and an extremely interesting circular is being received by the secretaries of all the local assemblies in this city, and all over the United States. It emanates from District Assembly 126, and is an appeal for assistance and revenge.

After reviewing the facts as above stated from their standpoint, it charges Master Workman Powderly and the general executive board with criminal incompetency, and hints broadly at corruption.

Six specific violations of the constitution are alleged. Barry is said to have been in collusion with the manufacturers, and his report is characterized as false in every respect.

He acted directly against the men without holding any consultation with them, they say, and declared the strike off upon the false pretext that the strike was against one man, who was a member of the order.

In other words, he deliberately sold them out, they allege, and was sustained in his action by the general executive board.

The circular concludes with an appeal to assemblies to arise and depose Powderly, and "the corrupt and inefficient gang" with whom he has surrounded himself.

From every indication this appeal will be met with a hearty support from many of the Chicago local assemblies. The antagonism to Powderly is not confined to the socialists, and in this fight socialism is not involved in the dispute.

It is the inevitable struggle between the mixed assemblies and the trades union. District 49 represents the former and has formed an alliance with Powderly, one of the results of which, it is claimed, was to increase the master workman's salary to $5,000.

With the Montank and John Morrison districts in the East, the united opposition of the Pacific coast assemblies, Burnett in Haskell and the Denver radicals, both of the great Chicago districts, a split on account of Roman Catholicism, a relentless war by the powerful trades unions, the avowed enmity of the socialists and a decided coldness on the part of the anti-prohibitionists, Mr. Powderly's lot is not a happy one.

He Will Doubtless be Driven From the Head of the Knights of Labor.

NEW YORK, June 4.—[Special wire.]—Not content with expelling the members of District Assembly 126 from the Knights of Labor, the general executive board intends to make another move against them. It has issued a circular to all the district and local assemblies in the order, signed by John W. Hayes, secretary of the general executive board. The document is carefully worded, so as to avoid the word "boycott." It reads somewhat as follows:

The carpets made by Higgins & Co., of New York, are of a kind we can not recommend. You will please send committees to dealers who sell carpets made by that firm and tell them what you think about the carpets, and that if they do not cease selling them you will advise people to deal elsewhere.

This order has fallen like a bomb-shell in the order, and in district assemblies 1, 70 and 94, of Philadelphia, it has been very vigorously "tabled."

As soon as a secretary of a local assembly in this city received the circular yesterday morning he telegraphed to T. V. Powderly:

Have received Hayes's infamous Higgins circular. You had better withdraw the boycott at once or I'll make trouble for you.

Local assemblies in this city that have time to act on the document have treated it with scorn. Many Knights of Labor here say that the Executive board is making a serious mistake.

John Morrisson, master workman of district 126, and over whom the trouble originated, because of his withdrawing from the Home club of 49 and exposing its methods, was seen by a reporter and said:

I have known of the existence of the circular almost since it was issued, and its effect on the business of Higgins & Co. is already discounted. It, however, shows the hypocrisy of the general executive board.

Powderly has denounced the boycott against capital and yet favors a boycott against labor organization which interfere with his chances of re-election.

The only thoroughly union carpet factory in the United States is that of E. S. Higgins & Co., in which are employed only union hands, receiving the highest average wages and where the people are treated better than in any other factory. At the same time such firms as that of the Alexander Smith Carpet company, of Yonkers, which defies the Knights of Labor, blacklists, evicts and imprisons members of the order, upon which the general assembly placed an official boycott, is not interfered with by the general executive board.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Failures Decreasing—The Wheat Clique May Fail in Their "Corner"—General Business.

NEW YORK, June 4.—R. G. Dun & Co., in the weekly review of trade says: The fact of the week is most important is the large absorption of money by trade. Of the inter-state law it is to be remembered that the full effect of the law has not been felt yet because of local suspension. Oil dealings have been stagnant. New England boot and shoe makers are receiving large orders and doing an increasing business.

Cotton goods are strong, some grades advancing. The "corner" continues to hoist prices of cotton in spite of the good crop prospects.

For wheat, speculation still rages, but the prices are lower than a week ago, and there is a growing doubt whether even the powerful clique can escape loss. Receipts are large and the supply in the country clearly beyond all demands, and the crop prospect is satisfactory.

The iron markets show a better tone, but the demand for products of iron and steel does not improve.

Railroad stocks have been uncertain with a tendency to reaction.

Business failures the last seven days are as follows: For the United States, 125; for Canada, 25; total, 150; against 175 last week and 187 for the corresponding week of last year. Failures are steadily decreasing in all sections of the country, especially in the Western states, where the number this week is the smallest recorded for years, the figures for the Western and Pacific states being but 52 all told.

MARRIED JUST ONE YEAR.

The President and Wife Celebrating the Anniversary by a Fishing Excursion.

SARANAC INN, N. Y., June 2.—The anniversary of the wedding day of the President and Mrs. Cleveland dawned beautifully at Saranac Inn. At sunrise there was not a breath of air stirring and the surface of the lake reflected every tree, hill, mountain, range and cloud.

There was promise of a fair and very warm day, but at 9 o'clock, when the cottage party came over to the hotel to breakfast, a breeze had sprung up from the west, and the white-caps were running across the bay just off Prospect Point.

When Mrs. Cleveland sat down to breakfast she found a little cluster of four-leaved clover at her place. She and the President were heartily congratulated upon the anniversary and were wished all manner of happiness and good luck.

At 10 o'clock, after smearing their faces liberally with fly ointment, the President, Mrs. Cleveland and Dave Cronk went away in one boats; Colonel and Mrs. Lamont and McCaffrey in another, and Dr. and Mrs. Rosman in a third, to spend the day at Holt's pond.

President Cleveland and his wife, it is now definitely known, will be the guests of Gov. Hill at the new executive mansion upon their return from the Adirondack wilderness.

BACK TO SLAVE DAYS.

A Woman to be Sold in the South at Auction to Pay Her Fine.

PADUCAH, Ky., June 3.—[Special wire.]—In the City court, Mollie Jackson, a white woman, was convicted of vagrancy, and Judge Thomas ordered that she be sold to the highest bidder for 30 days.

The sale will be made as soon as the advertisement has been issued.

This is the first judgment ever made in this section, but it is not without precedent in other places in Kentucky. Judge Thomas's action has met with a great deal of unfavorable comment.

PINKERTON'S GO FREE.

The Murderers of Thomas Hogan Acquitted by a Jury.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 3.—The three Pinkerton men, Patrick Shea by, Mortimer Moriarity and Samuel A. Neff, who were tried in the court of sessions for killing the 12 year-old boy, Thomas Hogan, January 20 last, were acquitted to-day.

The jury was out only half an hour. The Pinkerton men immediately departed for New York. In charging the jury Judge Sippencott severely censured the Delaware, Lackawana & Western railroad for employing the Pinkertons, thereby exciting the people to riot.

HATTON FOR SHERMAN.

A Strong Endorsement for the Ohio Senator in 1888.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—[Special wire.]—Ex-Postmaster General Frank Hatton was in Washington Saturday. He was a close friend of Gen. Arthur, and has been one of Mr. Blaine's most outspoken critics. He does not hesitate to say that the prospect of Republican success in 1888 would be practically thrown away should Blaine be renominated. He said:

I am not opposed to Blaine on personal grounds. We have never had personal differences. He has been defeated in two National conventions and once before the people. The party should not exist for the sole purpose of booming one man. Thousands of Republicans voted for Blaine under protest in 1884, who would not vote for him again. We can not use the old argument that the country will go to the dogs, as the Democrats are in power. The stock argument of Elkins that Irish Democrats will vote for Blaine is growing monotonous. Sensible people are beginning to want to know what a president can do for this country—not what he will do for Ireland.

The Republican party forced suffrage on the colored people of the South. It was the duty of that party to protect them. Mr. Blaine, more than any man, is responsible for a solid South. When the "Force bill" was before Congress the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Blaine's personal organ, advertised for a man to assassinate President Grant. At the same time it asserted that there was one man who could stand between the tyrant Grant and the liberties of the people.

The next week the editor of the *Tribune* came to Washington as the guest of Speaker Blaine. A few days later the "Force bill" was under consideration. Speaker Blaine left his seat, went upon the floor of the House and joined hands with the Southern Democrats to defeat that measure. Since then there has been no show of a fair election in the South.

Mr. Blaine then arrayed himself against an American policy to protect Americans in foreign countries. Republicans understand this. They have never been and never will be for Blaine. Michigan and Wisconsin are close states. I do not believe Blaine could carry either of them against Cleveland.

Yes, I do think with Sherman as a candidate both these states would be in line.

Sherman has always been a favorite in Wisconsin. He has always been strong with the Germans. Sherman could carry Indiana. The sober second thought of the Republican party seems to be crystalizing about Sherman.

They are growing tired of the soda-water fizzle and brass band humbuggery of Blaine's backers. The business men, the workingmen and the quiet, thoughtful men of the party have faith in Sherman's Republicanism and his great good common sense.

FLURRY IN WALL STREET.

The Issue of $10,000,000 of New Chicago & St. Paul Stock Creates Excitement.

NEW YORK, June 6.—Wall street had a great surprise to-day when the news of the issue of $10,000,000 new stock by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway was made known, and its first object was to found sinking funds of stock to be thrown over, in anticipation of a sharp decline. But the price was well supported, and this selling soon ceased.

The directors and officials of the road are now on a tour of inspection over the system operated by the company, and no official information could be obtained.

It was learned, however, that the syndicate owning the Chicago, Evanston & Lake Superior road, had completed the sale of that property to the St. Paul company on Saturday last, and part of the new issue is for the purpose of providing the purchase money.

The price paid is a little less than $3,000,000 and 30,000 shares will be issued on the account.

There is another large railroad deal now being negotiated, the details of which are kept secret, for the completion of which the remaining $7,000,000 will be required. New stock will be offered to preferred and common stockholders at $85 cash per share.

They will be charged with 15 per cent. from the surplus fund, which now amounts to over $8,000,000. In case any of the stock should not be subscribed for, arrangements have been made for placing it with a syndicate, and the whole issue is to be considered already sold.

The Evanston road, which has just been purchased, and is considered most important on account of its terminal facilities at Chicago (which cover 316 acres), and the recently constructed roads, have made strenuous efforts to obtain possession, but the syndicate which held it refused to sell to any interest but St. Paul.

The road runs from Chicago to Calvary, Ill., a distance of 79½ miles—railroad men estimate it as worth fully $5,000,000.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

Their Chief Argument is Force When Other Means Fail.

CHICAGO, June 6.—[Special wire.]—At the meeting of the Trade and Labor Assembly Victor Delhave, a French Socialist, was introduced. He said he had been sent to America by the Jeune government to investigate the labor problem in this country. He was also invested with authority to examine the various machines for the manufacture of textile fabrics and to purchase such patent rights as were deemed advisable for furthering that class of work in France.

The gentleman gave a pretty full description of the wage problem in his country. Through political action they have gained a strong influence with the present government. Several large buildings were being constructed in Paris, at government expense, to be used for offices by the working people and labor organizations. They are now asking the government for a loan of 6,000,000 francs with which to buy machinery for themselves. They propose to pay this money back in 60 years.

Mr. Delhave naively added that if the government did not enable them to get the machinery they would have to take it any way, and this remark called forth great applause. The gentleman's remarks called for a vote of thanks.

WHISKY CAUSED IT.

A Touching Execution of Two Indians for Murder While Intoxicated.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 6.—[Special wire.]—Information has been received of a double execution near the Seminole agency, Indian territory, of two Seminoles, convicted of having murdered a comrade some three weeks ago.

The sentence of the court was that the murderers should be shot to death between the hours of sunrise and sunset, which sentence was executed. The Indians were large, robust-looking fellows, and showed supreme indifference to their fate.

After brief religious exercises they each made a short speech, dwelling upon the crime and attributing it to a too free use of liquor.

When the death-warrant was read the murderers walked calmly to a blanket stretched on the ground, where they took leave of a number of friends and where they were blindfolded. They then knelt down, presenting their breasts to the sheriff and his deputy, who advanced with revolvers and dropped on their knees directly in front of them.

At the first discharge both culprits fell on their faces. They were placed upon their backs and pronounced dead in about eight minutes.

BLAINE IN NEW YORK.

His Presence Not Generally Known—He Will Sail on Wednesday.

NEW YORK, June 6.—[Special wire.]—Mr. James G. Blaine, of Maine, arrived at the Fifth Avenue hotel yesterday morning. Mrs. Blaine, with her daughters—Margueritte and Hattie—will reach the city to-morrow and will sail with Mr. Blaine on the steamer Ems, of the German Lloyd line, next Wednesday for Southampton, whence the party will proceed direct to London.

Mr. Emmons Blaine, of Chicago, and his brother James G. Blaine, jr., who resides at the New York hotel, spent most of the day with their father. Very few persons called on Mr. Blaine, as the fact of his arrival was not generally known. Mr. Blaine appears to be in good health, and remarked to a friend that the object of his trip was for recreation.

In the afternoon Mr. Blaine walked up Fifth avenue with Gen. W. T. Sherman, returning to the hotel for dinner, after which he retired early.

PICKED UP AT SEA.

Six Days Without Food or Water—Terrible Suffering of Two Shipwrecked Seamen.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 4.—John Brown and Edward Hogan, belonging to the Gloucester fishing schooner Richard Leter, who were picked up at sea adrift in a dory and who were landed at North Sydney, underwent a dreadful experience.

They were adrift on the ocean for over six days without a bit of food or a drop of water. After trying all imaginable expedients to allay their thirst, Brown cut one of his arms in order that they might drink his blood, but the blood would not flow.

They then gave up all hope of being rescued, but were at last picked up in a terribly exhausted condition by the bark Kate C. Maguire.

Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—The yellow fever outbreak at Key West is regarded with more apprehension by the Marine hospital service.

Such relief has been afforded in the supply of bedding and medicines as the bureau was authorized to render.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

Everything Points to the Fact that the Two Democratic Wings will try The "Flap" Act.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—[Special wire.]—All indications, and conversations with public men in position to be posted, claim an extra session will be called and Democrats are discussing the prospect for the passage of a tariff reform measure this winter. They feel that if something is not done this winter they will not only lose the Presidency but the control of the House as well. The Democrats had a majority of over seventy in the Lower House of the Forty-eighth Congress. This was reduced to about forty in the succeeding Congress and now they have less than twenty majority. Some of the Democrats think that if they could not pass a tariff bill while they had such large majorities it will be extremely difficult to do anything with the largely reduced majority.

There is a disposition among the extremists in both factions to come together on a common ground. The necessity to do something to reduce the rapidly increasing surplus is apparent to all, and if Congress is convened in October it is believed that some kind of a tariff measure will be passed. Friends of Mr. Randall say they will join with friends of Mr. Carlisle in pass ng a moderate measure. Congressman McAdoo, of New Jersey, said recently that Mr. Morrison could have passed a tariff bill last winter or the winter before if he had evinced a disposition to defer a little to the wishes of Mr. Randall and his friends. Next winter, Mr. McAdoo thought, both factions would be in a mood to harmonize and concentrate their forces.

A LAWYER'S EXPEDIENT.

The Pythias Story From the South Has a Startling Explanation.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 3.—[Special wire.]—Two weeks ago was published the thrilling story of Lawyer Clifton riding 45 miles across the country with a reprieve in his pocket for murderer Leggett. It was said that he reached Reidsville just in time to stop the execution, the prisoner standing on the trap bound, with the cap over his head, and waiting for the fatal drop.

It is now learned that Clifton got to Reidsville before daylight and went to bed. He waited till after the reading the death warrant, and until the prisoner had made his statement and the preacher had offered prayer, before he exhibited the reprieve.

Mr. Clifton says he permitted the details to be thus gone through with in order to test the sanity of the prisoner.

If Leggett should yet be hanged he will have suffered twice the pain of approaching death. Not a word has been sent to the governor in the way of a report.

At the April term of Tattnall Superior court Jacob Leggett was indicted, tried and found guilty of the murder of William Griggsby. The evidence was very strong, and showed that Leggett, on account of jealously, one Sunday morning, while Lillian was on her way home from Sunday school, literally butchered her with a pocket knife to prevent her taking up with a rival.

His lawyers saw they had a desperate case and determined, if possible, to save his neck by a verdict recommending him to the penitentiary for life, but the jury which was composed of some of the best men in the county, decided that Jake Leggett ought to be hanged and rendered their verdict accordingly. The prisoner was sentenced by Judge Hines to be hanged on May 13.

CHICAGO ELECTION.

Only One Ward Goes For Anarchy—Grinnell Elected.

CHICAGO, June 7.—One ward of Chicago declared yesterday in favor of Boodle and anarchy. Except in Chicago's Sixth ward, the vote throughout the county averaged 5 to 1 against the anarchists. State Attorney Grinnell came out of the contest with flying colors, surpassing his running mate, Clifford, by several hundred votes. Grinnell and Clifford against the Democrats, English and Krauss. The former was put up by members of the bar because the Democratic county committee which nominated English and Krauss offered the nomination for sale. Grinnell and Clifford were favored by the citizens' organization. Krauss and English were endorsed by the United Labor party, the body which recently made the red flag campaign against Boodle for mayor.

Six circuit judges were elected. There are three Republican candidates—Horton, Williamson and Waterson—and one Democrat—Baker—being on all the tickets. The fight was between Grinnell and Clifford—English and Krauss.

THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE.

John Chinaman Reasonably Sure of Acquittal on a Matter of Identification

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3.—[Special wire.]—The case of Lum Cheong, accused of falsely impersonating another Chinaman under the restriction act, has come to a conclusion in the United States District court before Judge Hoffman and a jury.

Cheong was arrested by agents of the City of Sidney, on April 23, presented to the customs authorities a return certificate made out in the name of Neg Ah Qua, and attempted to prove to the officials that he was the person to whom the certificate was issued.

The testimony showed that Cheong purchased the certificate of Quong Yeun & Co., Hong Kong, for $10, and that a regular business of selling certificates was carried on by the firm.

The jury after five hours' deliberation returned to court and announced a disagreement, standing ten for acquittal.

AGAINST THE CHINESE.

The Japanese Protest Against Being Shipped in Bulk With the Celestials.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 3.—[Special wire.]—Quarantine has been raised on the ship W. H. Macy, and 1,200 Chinese who arrived on the steamer Gaelic were transferred to the ship Macy to be landed here.

Japanese passengers on the Gaelic who were transferred to the ship have lodged complaint with the Japanese consul of the treatment they received on board the vessel.

They requested to be separated from the filthy Chinese, representing that as all Japanese are compelled by law to undergo vaccination, there was no danger of an outbreak among them.

The complaint stated that force was used by the customs officers to compel the Japanese to go in the "between decks," and claim they had only canvass to sleep upon, and that the food was very bad.

FIGHTING FOR THEIR HOMES.

A Land Grant Company Preparing for Eviction in New Mexico.

BATON, N. M., June 6.—O. P. Mc Mains, the anti-grant agitator, is traversing the northern portion of the country urging the settlers on the Maxwell land grant to arm themselves and resist all attempts of the grant company to enforce their claims to the land.

McMains has many followers who are ready to do his bidding, and the company will meet a strong resistance when they commence their ejectment suits.

All propositions to sell or lease made by the grant company thus far are considered unreasonable by the settlers in Raton, where the people have had possession of the town lots for several years, and built on and otherwise improved them.

They are called on to pay exorbitant prices for the lots, with the ultimatum that they can move off if they do not choose to accept the offers made.

JUDICIALLY MURDERED.

A Tramp Hanged in Ohio in Violation of the Statutes.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., June 3.—[Special wire.]—It has just come to light that Charles M. Sterling, a tramp who was hanged April 21, 1877, for the murder of Miss Lizzie Grombacher, was judicially murdered.

At his first trial, at Canfield, the jury disagreed and was discharged, and in ignorance or violation of Supreme court decisions and the Ohio statute the reasons for the jury's discharge were not journalized by the court clerk. He was afterward tried again, convicted, and hanged, and to the last protested his innocence.

In a similar case, Hines vs. the State, the plaintiff in error was discharged, the court holding that he had been twice placed in peril of his life contrary to law and the statute and United States constitution.

STOVE MANUFACTURERS.

Trouble May Yet Arise in Detroit—Reports Generally Favorable.

DETROIT, June 3.—The stove moulders who returned to work yesterday were only in the Michigan and the Detroit factories. "Bucks," or helpers, were insisted on by the company, but the men objected, and no one reported for duty at the Peninsular works. It is probable that there may be trouble in the Detroit and Michigan works on account of the "bucks."

CHICAGO, June 3.—The regular semi-annual meeting of the National Association of Stove Manufacturers of the United States, is called to meet at Detroit June 22. The secretary is probable that there may be the latest advices received by him from stove manufacturers throughout the country, show that nearly all the important foundries have already resumed active operations.

KNIGHTS AGAINST THE TRADES.

The Shoe Workers in National Convention will Take Steps to Form an Assembly Outside of the K. of L., if Forced to Such Steps.

BOSTON, Mass., June 7.—Several hundred delegates to the great boot and shoe workers' convention in Brockton arrived here yesterday. They come from all parts of the country, the largest delegations representing New York, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The feeling is general that a national organization is necessary, and that the entire control of their affairs should be in their own hands, independent of the Knights of Labor. The only question is as to the ability of the present convention to secure a National Trade charter from the executive board.

M. J. Fogarty, master workman of 79, Trades district, said the thought that the convention would be the means of uniting all the various organizations of the craft. He did not think there would be any difficulty in obtaining a national trades charter from the general executive board.

"The members of the executive board, when approached on the subject," he said, seemed to think that there would not be any difficulty from that source."

Howard B. Fowatt, of Newark, delegate from District Assembly 3,715, and proxy for 9,896 (cutters) and 3,736 (girls), said: "We must have a change of some kind before long in the organization of shoemakers or the Knights of Labor. Newark will be a thing of the past. We must have a national organization of our craft of some kind—inside the Knights of Labor if we can, outside if we must."

William Cates, a member of the Joint board of Arbitration of Cincinnati, said: "The shoemakers of this country must have control of their own affairs. Why are we to be controlled and have our grievances settled by a lot of men who do not know anything about the trade?"

P. Dougherty, a veteran Knight of St. Crispin, of Philadelphia, said: "I was one of the committee appointed by District assembly 1 to wait upon the general executive board and endeavor to come to an understanding on this matter. This was in January last, and at that time the general executive board told us to go on with our convention and we should have a charter. It was well understood at the time that none of our locals would be compelled to have permission to withdraw from the present district. Since then some hidden influence has been at work to get the general board to reconsider its former action, and last week the same committee from District Assembly 70 were informed that they would have to obtain at least 10 locals, representing five different states, with permission from their district assembly to withdraw and organize their national trades assembly. We are not children, and do not deserve such treatment."

SCORING CONGRESS.

**The Trade Dollar Bill and the Bill for Letter Carriers